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THE ROMANCE OF ROSES.

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A TRAVELER, passing through Persia, so the story goes, chanced to take into his hand a lump of clay. To his surprise it exhaled a delicate perfume. "Thou art but a poor lump of clay," said he, "yet how sweet thou art. Whence comes this delicious fragrance?" The clay replied, "I have been dwelling with the rose."

The earliest records of the human race come to us laden with allusions to the rose. It is found in the mythologies and folk-lore of all peoples, it

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mingles with their religious rites, it crowns their fêtes, it teaches and comforts through its symbolism, it plays an important role in their half mythical history. The oldest records of the past now existing in the form of written language are the Hindoo myths. Vishnu, one of these tells us, the Lord of the world, the God of

give to the rose a lover. Zephyr, the son of the dawn and the companion of spring, discovers the rose in bud; he caresses it with his wing, he breathes upon it with his sweet breath, till it uncloses to his wooing. Since that day the rose will only open in response to the sweet caresses of her wayward lover.

Jami, the Persian poet, following the same fancy, sings of the loves of the nightingale and the rose,—the bulbul and the gul. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose." In another place he says:

"You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the breath of his beloved rose." The same poet, who seems never weary of heaping his delicate fancies upon the rose, says: "The rose appeared in Gulistan when the flowers demanded a new sovereign, because their drowsy Lotus queen would sleep at night. At first the maiden queen was white, but the nightingale in the ardor of his love pressed his breast against the encircling thorns and covered her delicate petals with his flowing blood."

Attar, a well-named poet of the rose, tells us in his "Book of Nightingales" that all the birds appeared before Solomon to make a charge against the nightingale for disturbing their slumbers by his warblings. Upon full examination of the criminal it appeared that the disturbing song was the uncontrollable expression on the part of the nightingale of his impassioned and distracting love for the rose. Solomon, whom a fellow-feeling must have made wondrous kind, inquired no further, but freely acquitted the culprit.

The rose, which by common consent of all nations was born white and thornless, has gathered around her numberless graceful and fanciful stories to account for her color and her thorns. Boitard, in his "Monograph on the Rose," tells us that Moses said, "Before the Fall roses were without thorns," but he does not add where he found this statement of Moses.

The ancients considered the color of the rose a question of sufficient importance to



ENGLISH FIELD ROSE.

life, one of the Trinity of "bright Aryan gods," discovered his wife, Pagoda Siri, in the heart of a rose. The Persian Ghebers say that when Nimrod commanded, and their infant prophet Abraham was cast into the fire, the glowing bed of coals was turned instantly into a bed of roses "whereon the child sweetly slumbered."

The poetical fancies of the Greek mythologies shadowing forth the processes of nature



A GRECIAN GAME OF ROSES.

make it the subject of a poetical contest. Theophrastus and Bion, 300 B.C., each pleads for his own version of the story. Venus, fearing for her lover Adonis the vengeance of Mars, hid him in a thicket of roses.

"While the enamored queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war god rushes,
She treads upon a thornèd rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'et feels her blood and blushes"—

is Moore's translation of a Latin epigram embodying the fable. Bion, in his famous idyl on the death of Adonis, says of Venus weeping over her wounded and dying lover:

"Both tears and drops of blood were turned to flowers.
From these in crimson beauty sprang the rose,
Cerulean bright anemones from those."

Thorns are accounted for in an equally fanciful way. Cupid, stooping to kiss a new-blown dewy rose, was stung by a bee asleep in its heart. To please the petulant boy, Venus strung his bow with captive bees and planted along the stem of the rose the stings torn from them.

Sappho, in one of the few fragments that remain to us of her epigrams, elegiacs and nine books of lyrical poems, sings the praises of the rose in an ode which has suffered translation at the hands of several poets.

"If Jove should give the happy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the breast of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets! glow of lawns!
Bud of Beauty, nursed by dawns,
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
And to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all her verdant tresses
Till glowing with the wanton play,
It blushes a diviner ray."

Anacreon, very nearly the contemporary of Sappho, 600 B.C., is fairly redolent of roses. One ode after another demands tribute of the rose to help the soft imagery of his verse, apart from those devoted specially to her praise.*

The proverbial expression attributed to Aristophanes, "You have spoken in roses," shows something of the feeling which the beauty-loving Greeks felt toward the flower.

Hippocrates, the god of silence, carries as his symbol a rose given to him by Cupid. From the idea of secrecy or reserve that associates itself with roses came the old custom recorded by the Greeks. When the people of the North, they say, wished to

* The forty-fourth and fifty-fifth odes, as translated by Moore.

preserve the most profound secrecy in regard to what was said between themselves at their feasts, a freshly gathered rose was hung from the ceiling above the upper end of the table. It was considered not only dishonorable but a crime to reveal that which had been said "*sub rosa*."

Roses were dedicated to Venus as the symbol of beauty, to Cupid as the symbol of love, to Aurora, the rosy-fingered, to signify her office of opening the portals of day, to youth and springtime. In the exuberance of their love and loyalty she meant to the Greeks all things bright, and fresh, and fragrant.

A dainty story apropos of the rose is told by Boitard and Deslongchamp, the two French writers who have laboriously culled from classic and Eastern lore the myths, legends, and stories concerning the rose, and who have been ruthlessly rifled of their store of sweets by most of the writers who have succeeded them, with little acknowledgment and less thanks. There was in Amadan, in Persia, an academy whose statutes enjoined much thinking, little writing, and the least possible speech. Into this select society only a limited number of members were admitted. A famous Oriental doctor—Zeb by name—desired to become a member. Upon learning of a vacancy in the academy he made haste to come from his home to obtain his election. In the mean time the academy, like others since, had given away the membership to the most powerful applicant, not waiting to weigh the merits of the candidates. The learned doctor came too late, the last vacancy had been filled. The president of the assembly, covered with shame at having to refuse admission to a member who would cast such luster upon the body, was at a loss what to say. He therefore clothed his refusal in allegory, the polite way of saying disagreeable things in those days. A cup of water was brought in, filled to its brim, so that a single drop would cause it to overflow. The petitioner understood, and quietly turned to withdraw. A rose-leaf at his feet gave him an inspiration; he picked it up and placed it so gently on the water that not a drop was spilled. At this the assembly applauded, and the ingenious doctor was received by general acclamation among the silent academicians.

Vast rose gardens were planted on the

hills near Athens, which supplied the flower-markets of the day. And in the Græco-Roman colonies of Paestum and Sybaris the culture must have been carried to a very high degree of perfection. Ovid tells us that they were made to bloom twice a year by means of hot water, which—from testimony gathered from the literature of the day—must have been carried in pipes, much as is done in our hot-houses to-day. Pliny writes, about the date of the Christian era, "It is a flower known to all nations, equally with wine, myrtle, and oil."

When the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra went to Cilicia to meet Marc Antony, she celebrated their meeting by daily feasts. During the first three days the richest tapestry and hangings, vessels of gold and silver, adornments of precious stones, all that the wealth and luxury and refinement of the world could supply, were lavished upon the entertainments. On the fourth day, as the crown and culmination of it all, she gave to him a feast of roses. The floors of the rooms and halls were covered to the depth of eighteen inches with freshly blown roses, held in place by a strong but delicate net stretched above them so that her guests might walk over them. Nero, not many years later, gave a feast, where one hundred thousand dollars was spent in roses alone.

When the use of these flowers first came into vogue the Romans were obliged to send to Egypt for them in the winter time. The advance in rose culture is clearly shown by an incident in the days of Domitian, the last of the Cæsars, and Nero's immediate successor. The Egyptians proposed making a magnificent donation of roses to the Emperor, but the Romans laughed them to scorn. "In every street," says Martial, with reference to the proposed gift, "the odor of spring is breathed, and garlands of freshly gathered flowers are hanging. Send us corn, O Egyptians! and we will send you roses."

Latinus Pacatus, reproaching the Romans for their luxury, said they were not satisfied till they had reversed the seasons, having roses in winter wherewith to crown their cups of wine, and ice in summer to cool it. Martial says: "The moment for soliciting a favor is when the patron is entirely given over to the pleasures of the table and roses." As the stern conquerors and law-makers of



GLOIRE DE DIJON, NOISETTE.

the earth fell from their high estate, and their martial valor was quenched in luxury, their passion for the use of roses grew; they crowned the statues of their gods and heroes with them, they scattered the petals through their temples. At feasts the floors and couches were fragrant with fresh blossoms, the vessels from which they drank, and the heads of the guests, were wreathed with them, and the petals were thrown into the cups from which they drank the vaunted Falernian

wine. On the occasion of certain water parties given at Baïæ, the whole lake of Lucina was covered with roses, which parted before the moving boats and closed after them as they passed.

Lucius Verus reached a luxury in the use of the rose never surpassed before or after his time. He slept upon a couch covered with cushions made of a fine, thin net, and filled with freshly gathered rose-leaves. The extreme fastidiousness of the young Smindyrides, the Sybarite, whose sleep was disturbed by a crumpled rose-leaf, has passed into a familiar proverb.

So enormous a demand created, of course, its commensurate supply, and acres upon acres of ground were devoted to their cultivation.

The sale of flowers had always been intrusted to the most beautiful women. Some of the Roman poets have immortalized the names of these charming rose-venders. It is altogether probable that Flora, or Chloris, the goddess of flowers, was one of the earlier and more charming of the flower-girls who had been apotheosized by some admiring poet. Gallants among the young Romans were in the habit of presenting roses to the belles of the day, and *mea rosa* was a term of endearment used by the Roman lover to his betrothed.

In the third century when Heliogabalus, the beautiful long-haired priest of the sun, was called from serving the altars of Baal in Phœnicia to the wearing of the imperial purple, his extravagances left behind all those of his predecessors and drained the



ORIENTAL ROSE FROM WHICH ATTAR IS MADE.

resources of the Empire. His gorgeous dresses, golden ornaments, and precious jewels were thrown aside after a single wearing. His floors were scattered with gold dust, and covered with roses. His porticoes and couches and beds were strewn with them. Through the four years of his mad career the pathway that led to his violent death was literally strewn with roses.

Symbolism is one of the earliest tendencies of national life. All the objects and processes of nature have some hidden significance and are associated with the faith, the joy, the sorrow of every-day life. The rose has always associated itself with the sweeter humanities of life. Though it blossoms through mythology, folk-lore, history, and literature, it is as a wholesome earth-born

flower, not associated as the lotus has been with superstitious rites and transcendental analogies; not with crowned ambition, like the laurel and the bay; not as a symbol of funereal woe, as the yew and the cypress. Here and there a story or legend brings it in touch with sorrow, with superstitious fear, with evil; but even then it rather symbolizes the clinging hope that will accompany the deepest human misery than the misery itself. Tulips and orchids have lent themselves to speculation, and been bought and sold in mad emulation with as little sentiment as if they had been merestocks and bonds. But

until the present day the rose has shaken herself free from all contamination of such associations whenever they have chanced to come near her. In spite of the prices that special fashionable roses have brought of late, nothing seems to be able to vulgarize the rose or spoil the sweet graciousness that belongs to her. She still stoops to the humblest home, and no life is so poor or barren that she is not ready to sweeten and illuminate by her presence. She stands to-day as she did among the Greeks and Romans: the queen of love and beauty; the type of full, sweet human life, of jocund youth and happiness.

After the Christian era and the Church had been fully established, a great effort was made by the Fathers to suppress the use of flowers, both in religious ceremonials and for personal adornment, as having been so closely associated with pagan rites. Tertullian wrote a book against the use of garlands, and Clement of Alexandria argued that the



GATHERING ROSES IN SYRIA FOR ATTAR.

secular use of roses was unbecoming a Christian. "Kings should not be crowned with roses, since Christ had worn a crown of thorns." But the love of flowers was too strong for ecclesiastical denunciation, even when that was at high-water mark, and Christian and Pagan alike continued to use them in worship, at feasts, and in private life.

In the village of Salency, not many miles from Paris, a curious fête was inaugurated in the year 480, which has survived until the present century. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, instituted the ceremony of publicly crowning with roses the most modest and virtuous maiden in the village. The young girl was to be named for this honor by public acclaim. To support the necessary expenses of the festival, the Bishop set apart a portion of his domain, which part was called the *Manor of the Rose*. The first young girl selected by the community was the Bishop's own sister. During the reign

of Louis XIII., the King was in the vicinity at the time of the yearly ceremony, and desired to grace it with his presence. Being ill, he could not himself attend, but he sent his blue ribbon and a ring, saying: "This has long been the prize of honor, it shall now become the reward of virtue." Since that time each year La Rosière has received the ring.

In 1773 this festival was the occasion of a very serious legal process. A new lord having purchased Salency attempted to take away the time-honored right of the inhabitants, by himself naming three candidates for the rose. He assumed this right with the estates, and attempted to suppress the ceremonies and reduce the expense. The inhabitants made complaint to the Court of Chancery, which at once decided in favor of the people and set aside the pretensions of the new-comer. But, tenacious of his supposed rights, the owner instituted a civil suit before the Parliament of Paris. This august assembly gave a decree, confirming the people in all their rights and ancient customs. The contumacious lord, for his pains, only received an order to pay all the expenses incident upon the festival out of his own pocket.

The oldest rose-bush in the world is at Hildersheim. It was planted more than a thousand years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame. A few years afterward when Louis the Pious, the son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the neighborhood, mass was said in the open air. On returning to his home, the officiating priest found that the Holy Image was missing. Returning to the spot where mass had been said, he discovered the missing image in the branches of a wild-rose tree. As it miraculously evaded his grasp he went back to Louis and his suite and told them of the wonder. They all rushed to the spot and fell on their knees before the miraculous bush. A cathedral was built above it, its roots being inclosed in a sort of coffin-shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt. This crypt was built in the year 818, and with the rose-tree it survived a fire which destroyed all the rest of the cathedral in 1146. The roots are over one thousand years old. The rose plant was, when described a few

years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall, though the stem was only two inches in diameter.

A curious custom in the Italian city of Treviso is recorded. A mimic castle hung with rich carpets and silk was erected and "manned" by the maidens of the city. Their weapons of defense consisted of roses, rose water, and other equally delicate missiles. The fortress was attacked by a bevy of young men, armed with like odoriferous projectiles. The German emperor, Barbarossa, in the middle of the twelfth century, made one of the attacking party, and declared himself delighted with the sport.

Elizabeth of Hungary, the heroine of Kingsley's "Saints' Tragedy," has a legend told of her, which is a little doubtful, as a tribute to her truthfulness and conjugal loyalty. She was a very gentle and tender saint, devoting herself to the care of the poor. She was wont to take long and toilsome journeys on foot, carrying them aid and relief. This was evidently against the wishes of her husband, for it is related that as she was one day going by stealth with her favorite maid on one of these errands of mercy she met her liege lord as she was climbing up a steep road, bending under the load of provisions concealed under her cloak. He demanded peremptorily her errand. Some of the writers say that she answered "Roses;" others that her husband, not waiting for a reply, threw open her mantle. Instead of what he expected, he found she was laden down with a lapful of the most exquisite red and white roses. The blessed angels, who have in Catholic legends a decided preference for charity over the other virtues, had spared her a conjugal rebuke by miraculously changing her clandestine charities into roses.

The "Romaunt of the Rose," the delight of Philip the Fair, is the longest and most important of the works of the Trouvères of France. It was begun by Guillaume de Lorris who died in 1260, and finished by Jean de Méun some fifty years later. It was written in verse, and in the allegorical form affected in that day. The story is of a lover who becomes violently enamored of a rose whose reflection he sees in a well (they did not fall in love in those days, but became enamored). He sighs, he is restless, he



becomes agitated, he seeks to possess himself of the coveted treasure, he encounters all the allegorical virtues, dangers, temptations, and alarms, under the guise of minutely dressed ladies and gentlemen; he finally obtains the long-sought flower, but, alas! the treasure is no sooner his than its charm vanishes, he cares no longer for its beauty and the fragrance it exhales. He neglects it in disgust, and finally abandons it. And then comes the inevitable moral! That portion by De Lorris is full of sweet imagery and poetical thought, but when the witty and versatile Jean de Méun takes up the tale, "the allegory becomes a satire, and the aroma of poetry dies out of it with the fragrance of the forgotten rose." All this requires twenty-two thousand verses for the telling. It makes one "envy the secular leisures of Methusaleh," as Lowell says in another connection.

This "Romaunt of the Rose" had peculiar charms for Chaucer, the poet of spring, who finds his way naturally to the roses wherever he may be. He made a translation of that part by De Lorris, and about one-sixth of De Méun's conclusion, condensing it from twenty-two thousand to seven thousand seven hundred verses. The *eglantere* of Chaucer, "that gave so passing a delicious smell," is the single sweet-briar rose of England; with the later poets this flower becomes the *eglantine*.

In the German "Book of Heroes" there is a story of a rose-garden at Worms surrounded by a single silken thread. The Princess Chrymnhilde promised to each knight who should successfully defend it, and slay an attacking giant, a chaplet of roses and a kiss. Hildebrandt, one of the knights, took the roses but, declined the kiss. Another, a monk, not only took the kiss, but sued for one apiece for all the members of his fraternity. To this the Princess consented, but only after the valiant monk had "fulfilled his tale" of giants; one for each kiss. Indeed, the lyric poets from Anacreon to the present day have revelled in roses, and the subject has become no more threadbare with much handling than is the love they symbolize.

In 1366 Pope Urban V., wishing to bestow upon Jeanne, Queen of Sicily, a particular mark of his favor, instituted the ceremony of the benediction of the Rose. A golden

rose was made; it was in the form of a rose to intimate how fragile and evanescent is this human life, and constructed of the indestructible and incorruptible metal to indicate the immortality of the soul—so say the soothsayers of the time.

The rose was solemnly blessed in the sacristy, with incense and holy water, with balm and musk. The Pope went afterward to his chapel, carrying in his left hand the golden rose which had been presented to him by a cardinal deacon, while with his right hand he gave the accustomed benedictions to the faithful. When the chapel was reached he handed the rose to the cardinal again, who in his turn handed it to a subordinate to be placed upon the altar. Mass was then celebrated by a cardinal priest, assisted by the bishop of the Holy College, arrayed in a rose-colored chasuble. A decree was made by Urban V. that this blessing of the golden rose should be repeated every year. After the benediction the Pope made a present of the blessed rose to some church or sovereign to which he wished to show special favor. If the recipient was not present, which was usually the case, the rose was sent to him by the hand of a cardinal or officer of the Pontifical Court. According to some authorities this was done on Good Friday, to others on Mid-Lent Sunday, which is called Rose Sunday.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there are some curious records, which are a little hard to interpret, in regard to the value at which roses were held. Sir William Clifton granted to Thomas Smith a piece of land in Hampstede, "for the annual payment of a rose—at the Nativity of John Baptist—to Sir William and his heirs, in lieu of all services. Dated at Hampstede on Sunday next before the Feast of All Saints, 1402." Again "in 1576 Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, granted to Christopher Hatton of a certain valuable property, for twenty-one years, tenant covenants to pay on Midsummer's Day one red rose for the gate house and garden, reserving to himself and his successors free access through the gate for walking in the garden, and *gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.*" The only explanation of this, in view of the last and italicized clause, is that the transfer was for some unknown consideration, and the rose paid as nominal rent, as is often done nowadays, to meet

some requirement of the law. And yet the fact that vassals in those days were required to contribute sometimes a bushel of roses to their liege lord yearly, for the manufacture of rose-water, looks as if they might have

property to his sons, and to his daughters, as a marriage portion, a wreath of roses.

A very remarkable fact of history shows the estimation in which roses were held in the early ages. Until the days of Richelieu

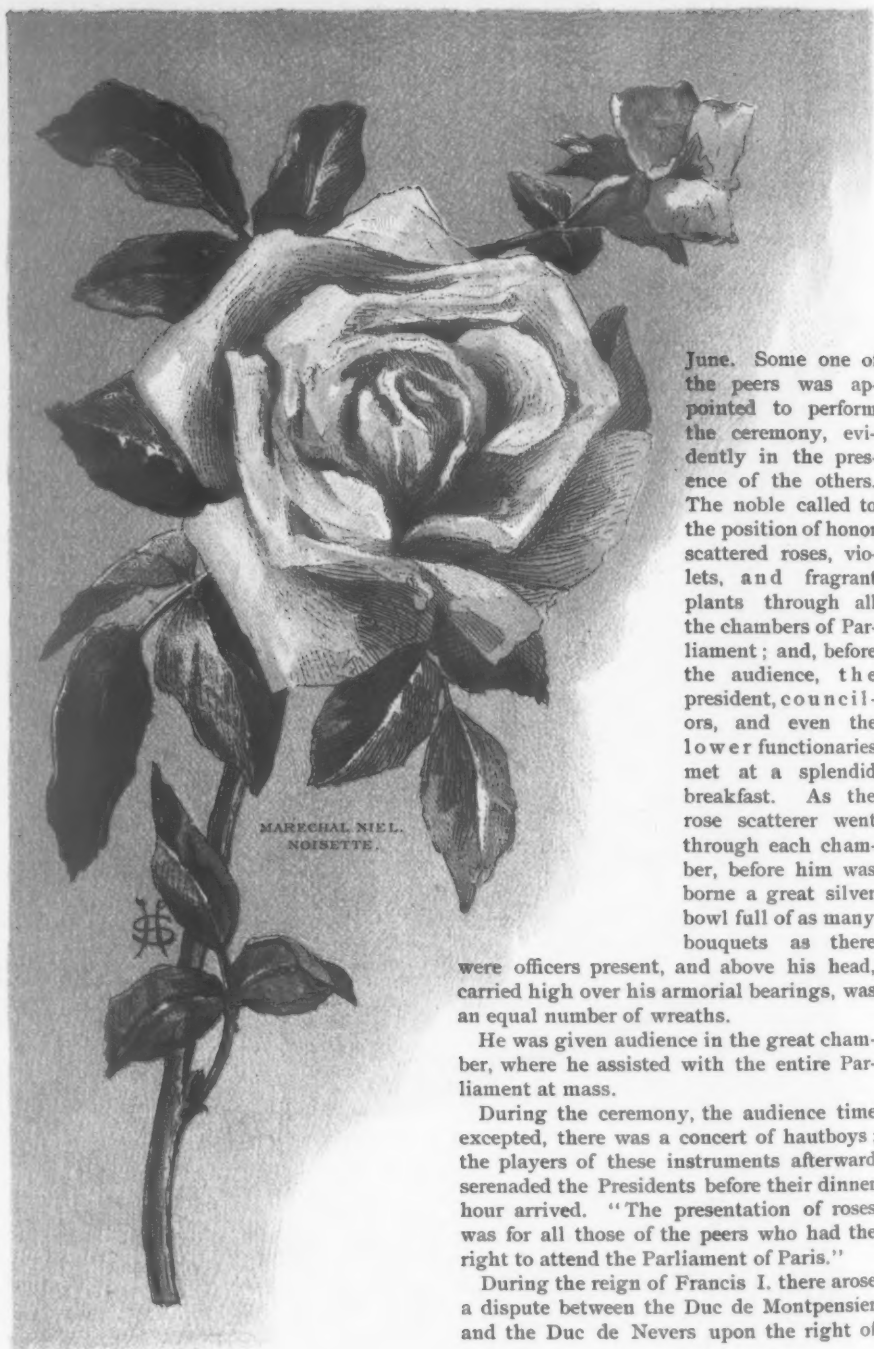


CAPTAIN CHRISTY.

some recognized commercial value. About this same time roses, in France, could only be grown by royal permission.

Marquis de Chesnel tells us in his "History of the Rose" that one of the old customs of the Provinces in noble families was that a father who had both sons and daughters gave his

there existed in France a very singular custom, the origin of which is lost in the dimness of early history. The peers of France, the dukes, and even the kings and queens of Navarre, all who owned the French sovereign as suzerain, were obliged to present roses to the Parliament of Paris in April, May, and



June. Some one of the peers was appointed to perform the ceremony, evidently in the presence of the others. The noble called to the position of honor scattered roses, violets, and fragrant plants through all the chambers of Parliament; and, before the audience, the president, councilors, and even the lower functionaries met at a splendid breakfast. As the rose scatterer went through each chamber, before him was borne a great silver bowl full of as many bouquets as there

were officers present, and above his head, carried high over his armorial bearings, was an equal number of wreaths.

He was given audience in the great chamber, where he assisted with the entire Parliament at mass.

During the ceremony, the audience time excepted, there was a concert of hautboys; the players of these instruments afterward serenaded the Presidents before their dinner hour arrived. "The presentation of roses was for all those of the peers who had the right to attend the Parliament of Paris."

During the reign of Francis I. there arose a dispute between the Duc de Montpensier and the Duc de Nevers upon the right of



A BENGAL ROSE.

scattering the roses. Parliament gave precedence to the Duc de Montpensier, as being Prince of the blood, although the Duc de Nevers was the more ancient peer. This fact throws some light upon the ground on which the rose scatterer was chosen, and the dignity of his office. Among the princes of the blood who took part in this ceremony, acknowledging vassalage, were the Ducs de Vendôme, de Beaumont, d'Angoulême and many others. Even Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, vassal in right of his title as Duc de Vendôme, submitted himself to it. Henry IV., while he was still King of Navarre, was absolved from the necessity of performing this act of fealty to the reigning King of France by the procurer-general; but he required it of his subjects all the same when he was elevated to the French throne. This singular ceremony was kept up till some time in the seventeenth century. At this time the Parliament of Paris had a regularly appointed officer of the court, "Rosier de la Cour" by title—a sort of Lord High Keeper of the royal roses.

It is curious that the rose has seemed to establish herself independently among all nations as the symbol of love and joy and

innocence, and no less curious that here and there where there is an exceptional use or symbol they are the exact opposite of the rule. In 1284, while the Christian synod was in session at Nismes, each Jew of the city was required to wear a rose upon his breast, as a mark of dishonorable distinction. And at one time, in Germany, a crown of roses was worn as a punishment for immorality, this last perhaps in contradistinction to our Lord's crown of thorns.



A ROSE TOURNAMENT.

The Feast of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, the first Sunday in October, was instituted in commemoration of the successes of the Christian arms against the forces of Solymán the Magnificent, especially of the Battle of Lepanto. Though all Europe was thrilled by the great naval victory it has come down to us mainly as associated with the most picturesque figure of that age, the unhappy Don John of Austria, and its greatest literary light, Cervantes. It was by this battle that the great Spanish romancist lost a hand, and the world, perhaps, gained a "Don Quixote." The Feast of the Rosary was named from the Virgin Mary, the "mystical rose" of the Catholic Church. The name has been transferred to the chaplet of beads, by which, without the necessary interruption to devotion which counting would create, the sayer of the one hundred and fifty prayers can keep record of their number: ten *Ave Marias*, and after each ten a *Pater Noster*, marked in the rosary by a large bead.

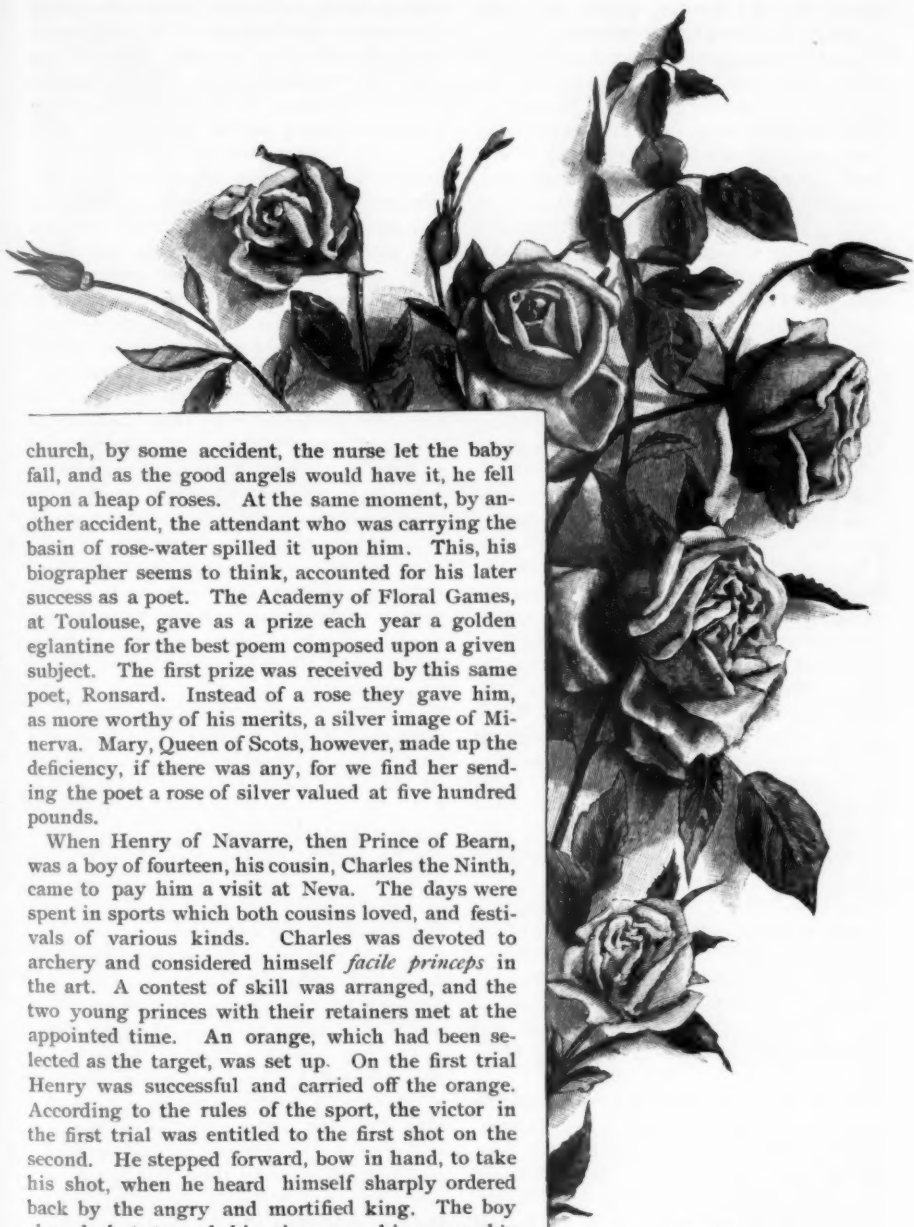
Roses have been borne on the escutcheons of certain noble houses from the remotest time. They were bestowed upon Roman generals as marks of honor, and so descended in the family coat-of-arms. Luther adopted the rose as his device and had it engraved upon his signet. The Free Masons, evidently from its association with secrecy, also use it.

The best-known use of the rose in this way is as the national emblem of England, perhaps from the union of the red and white roses of the houses of Lancaster and York.

When royal honors were being shifted back and forth between Henry VI. of the house of Lancaster and Edward IV., Duke of York, the two roses, the insignia of the rival claimants to the throne, came prominently to the fore, and gave the name to the wars of that miserable, confused portion of England's history. The origin of the red rose of Lancaster lies far back in history; the white rose of York was chosen in contradistinction to the insignia of the rival house.

In the reign of Edward I., of England, his son, the Count of Egmont, had taken as vassal to the French King the title of Count of Champagne. His predecessor in this title was the celebrated Thibaut, whose name was so closely associated with that of Blanche of Castile, the mother of Louis IX. The feeling was so strong against him after the death of Louis VIII., that he was forced by public opinion to go on a crusade. From the East he brought back the rose of Damascus on his shield as his insignia; the rose itself was brought back from Syria by one of the *preux chevaliers* of that time, and domesticated in Europe. When the English Prince came back from service under the French King, he had assumed Thibaut's rose with his title and other possessions, and from him it descended to the house of Lancaster, of which he was head.

At the baptism of the poet Ronsard in 1524 a large vessel of rose-water was prepared for the purpose, as was sometimes done in those days. On the way to the



ROSES.

church, by some accident, the nurse let the baby fall, and as the good angels would have it, he fell upon a heap of roses. At the same moment, by another accident, the attendant who was carrying the basin of rose-water spilled it upon him. This, his biographer seems to think, accounted for his later success as a poet. The Academy of Floral Games, at Toulouse, gave as a prize each year a golden eglantine for the best poem composed upon a given subject. The first prize was received by this same poet, Ronsard. Instead of a rose they gave him, as more worthy of his merits, a silver image of Minerva. Mary, Queen of Scots, however, made up the deficiency, if there was any, for we find her sending the poet a rose of silver valued at five hundred pounds.

When Henry of Navarre, then Prince of Bearn, was a boy of fourteen, his cousin, Charles the Ninth, came to pay him a visit at Neva. The days were spent in sports which both cousins loved, and festivals of various kinds. Charles was devoted to archery and considered himself *facile princeps* in the art. A contest of skill was arranged, and the two young princes with their retainers met at the appointed time. An orange, which had been selected as the target, was set up. On the first trial Henry was successful and carried off the orange. According to the rules of the sport, the victor in the first trial was entitled to the first shot on the second. He stepped forward, bow in hand, to take his shot, when he heard himself sharply ordered back by the angry and mortified king. The boy obeyed, but turned his aim upon his monarch's heart. The redoubtable Charles hastily sheltered himself behind his largest courtier, calling out to his followers to "take away that dangerous little cousin."

The following day, peace having been restored, Charles found an excuse for absenting

himself from the shooting match. The Duke of Guise, who was present and seemed to fear his youthful antagonist as much as his royal master did, tried to avoid the contest by breaking open and throwing away the orange, which was to serve as target; no other being found, the contest of skill promised to end there. The young prince, nothing daunted, determined not to be entirely cheated of his sport, plucked a rose from the dress of a pretty young villager standing by, and fastening it up, called upon his unwilling rival to shoot. The Duke of Guise, deprived of his last resource in the way of a subterfuge, shot and missed. Henry stepped coolly forward, drew his bow, and the rose fell, pierced through the heart with his arrow; picking it up he handed it, with the arrow sticking through it, to the blushing girl from whom he had taken it.

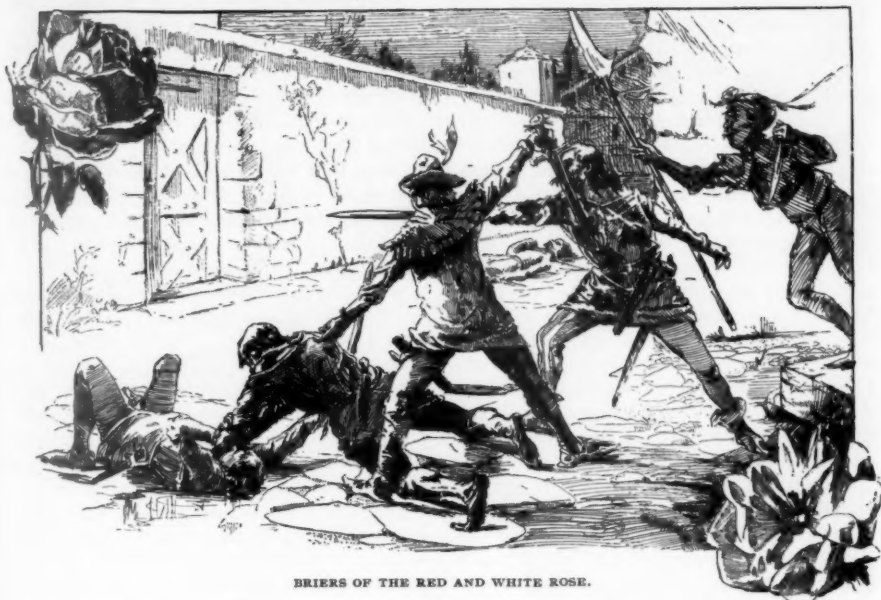
In more modern times roses have been much used in religious festivals, not merely with other flowers and plants. For instance, at the *Fête-Dieu* rose petals are scattered in the air, blending with the smoke of the swinging censers. Our excessive use of flowers at funerals is the outgrowth of their occasional use, in the case of children and young girls, in a more or less remote past. There is a custom, in the Valley of the Engadine in Switzerland, when a man is accused of any crime and is able, on the same day, to justify himself from the charge, he is at once liberated, met and presented with a white rose, by a young and beautiful girl, the blossom being called *the rose of innocence*.

Not more than a century ago a society of literary men was formed in Paris, who called themselves *Société des Rosati*. They assembled in a place called "Eden, or the Thicket of Roses." In order to become a member, it was requisite not only to be a joyous and convivial spirit, but also to have sung of the rose.

The name rose comes directly from the Latin, and through the Latin from the Greek. In its first form it is supposed to have been derived from the color red. In its different forms it has given its name to many lands. Syria or Suristan is thought to be derived from the name of a beautiful and delicate species of rose, the Suri, which grows in that country. Gulistan comes from the Persian name, *Gul*, rose; and *Rhodes*, the island,

made so famous by the valiant defense against the Turks by the Knights of St. John, means the land or the place of roses. The rose has popularly been supposed to be indigenous to Oriental countries. "Born in the East, it has been diffused like the sunlight all over the world." Æsop told the gardener of his master Xanthus, that "the earth is a step-mother to those plants incorporated into her soil, but a mother to those which are her own free product." Where the wild rose flourishes, there all other roses will grow. And the wild rose, in spite of so much prating to the contrary, seems to be indigenous to all the world, in the temperate zones, except Australia and South America. These countries are among the youngest continents of our earth geologically and the Rosaceæ are the latest comers in time. It had not become rose time with them when man came. The Rosaceæ includes, besides roses, most of the hardy fruit-trees and plants, the apple, peach, pear, plum, raspberry, strawberry, blackberry, as well as many ornamental shrubs.

The genus *Rosa*, Darwin says, is a notoriously difficult one. From time immemorial, roses have been artificially or naturally crossed till it is almost impossible to name species and varieties. As an illustration of the rapidity with which new varieties are formed, a case is cited where some wild Scotch roses were transplanted into a garden. At the end of twenty years, by selection, but with no fresh kinds, twenty-six well-marked varieties were found, and within fifty years three hundred varieties had come from the same species, of various sizes and all colors, yellow, white, pink, crimson, and variegated. It is a well-known fact in evolution, that after great changes have been produced by crossing and recrossing, there is a tendency both in the animal and vegetable world to a reversion to the original type. In this way, when the origin of certain forms, now common, has been lost in the obscurity of the past, it is often made clear by such a case of atavism. New varieties are made in several ways, by crossing, by bud variation, and by grafting buds, these last being very rare. Crossing is simply effected by placing the pollen of one variety upon the stigma of another. The seed, which is the result of this process, bears a resemblance, more or less marked, to both parent forms. Bud variation is, when from some unknown



BRIERS OF THE RED AND WHITE ROSE.

cause, on a single branch, some new form will arise, which may be retained by careful cultivation. Graft hybridization occurs in rare cases where, just at the point of juncture between the grafted branch and the stalk, a shoot arises which partakes of the character of both stalk and graft.

The moss-rose is undoubtedly a case of bud variation from the old-fashioned Provence rose. Moss-rose trees have been known to bear perfect Provence roses with no sign of moss upon them, and Provence rose-trees to bear moss-roses in the same way. Such bud variations when very singular are called *sports*; the white rose called the Bride, for instance, is a sport from the Cachermé Mermet. D'Orbessau, in his "Essay on the Rose," states that he saw *blue* roses growing wild, near Turin; other writers profess to have seen and grown blue roses. But these were probably purple, a color often confounded with blue by people whose calling has never trained them to discrimination in color. A law has been discovered in vegetable physiology in regard to color, which is, that varieties of the same species do *not* exist in all the three colors, yellow, blue, and scarlet. Occasionally, by manipulation or accident, such a sport occurs, or is approximated; but

the variety is not stable, is not a well-established variety that can be propagated. This law is not a bad thing to keep in mind in buying rare plants.

Haj, a Moorish floriculturist of the middle ages, states that his people knew how to delay the blooming of roses, to keep them in the bud, and gives an elaborate recipe for producing blue roses, by putting a brilliant blue pigment under the pellicle that covers the roots, binding up the wound in oil, and then watering with indigo water.

The extremely double roses of our day have been made by constant culture, enriching the roots, and supplying artificial conditions favorable to growth. The stamens are—many of them—by these processes converted into petals. Sometimes by examining the heart of double roses a petal will be found half stamen, only half converted.

The rose played a very important part in the pharmacopœia of the past. Oil of roses, conserves of roses, preparations from the leaves and from rose-galls were used as specifics for headaches, nerve troubles, tumors, indigestions, and even hydrophobia—from which comes the name dog-rose. One author, Hermann, says that this flower will cure all known maladies, and "all the pharmacopœia

should limit itself to the rose." They were used in embalming the dead as well as toward the preservation of the living.

Rose-water is spoken of by ancient writers, but it is not the same thing which we call by that name, for until alembics were introduced in the eighth century distillation was unknown. In 1128, when Saladin reconquered Jerusalem, he would not enter the mosque of the temple, which the Christians had in the mean time been using for worship, till it had been thoroughly purified by washing it with rose-water. This required five hundred camel loads of the fragrant liquid. The same thing was done when St. Sophia was taken from the Christians before it could be made fit for Moslem worship.

The rose-water of modern finger bowls has its prototype in past usage, for in an account of expenditures for a dinner, held at the University of Oxford in 1570, the item is introduced "for rose water to wash afore dinnere, and after dinnere iij*s* ix*d*." A bottle of rose-water was sent as a New Year's gift to Bloody Mary in 1556, showing it to be rare at that time in England; and in fact we know that roses were not common in England before the seventeenth century.

The best-known product of roses to-day is perhaps the attar, of which we now have so many fair imitations at very low prices. It has always been considered of great value, at times the pure attar being worth eight times its weight in gold. Many authors have believed that this perfume was known to the ancients. They have indeed quoted Homer to show that it was known in his day, especially that passage in the "Iliad" which says that Venus preserved the body of Hector, after his death, by covering it with "the divine oil of roses." If this were a legitimate conclusion from the text other authors would certainly have mentioned its existence, especially Pliny, who minutely described the perfumes of his day, which was about the time of the Christian era.

Until the sixteenth century we have no authentic mention of attar. The story of its origin is told in the history of the Mogul Empire. The Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem, during a feast which she gave to the Grand Mogul Jehanguir, caused a canal to be filled with rose-water, where they bathed in its perfumed water, and floated about over its surface.

After some days a curious substance was observed on the surface. Upon examination it proved to be the essence of the roses, which the heat of the sun had caused to gather on the top of the rose-water, and the delicious fragrance induced them to turn this accidental discovery to account.

Since that day roses have been cultivated in Persia, in India, and in Turkey for the manufacture of the essence. The garden of Gulistan is five days' camel ride from end to end, and in Ghazipur and Roumelia hundreds upon hundreds of acres are planted with roses. There is an attar sold at a low price made in Europe. The French mode of preparation is that merely of boiling the petals of the damask rose in lard; this takes up the perfume, which is then extracted. The attar of commerce is not always extracted from the rose itself, but sometimes from the foliage leaves of the rose geranium.

While in different parts of the East great quantities of roses are grown for their essential oil, the province of Roumelia is perhaps the most important center for the industry. On the lofty plain, bounded on the north by the Balkan Mountains, are planted the great rose gardens, where the finest attar in the world is made. Kasanlik, the center of the district, means in the Turkish tongue place of boilers. The roses are planted by the farmers of this district on sloping ground facing the sun, and where the soil is sandy. Laying down a rose garden may be done in the spring or fall, the ground being cleared of weeds. Young rose shoots are torn from the old plants, so as to carry with them a part of the roots. These are laid almost horizontally in trenches five feet apart. In six months or so the shoots appear, and are earthed up, and in almost a year the plants stand like young hedges, about a foot high. It is not till the end of the third year that the blossoming is of any importance. At the end of the fifth the plants are in full bearing, and they continue blooming for fifteen years longer. It does not do to enrich the soil too heavily as it injures the quality of the essential oil quite as much as it improves the quantity. Hoar frost, fog, and dampness are very injurious; in 1870 all the roses in this district were killed.

In May, when the gardens are a sheet of bloom, the harvest begins. The roses are of several kinds, but all single or nearly so—



MAD PLAUTIER ROSES.
(A hybrid from China.)

pale pink or white, and very much like our wild roses. Early in the morning the pickers begin, while the dew is on the flowers. The petals are taken from the stalks, and at once put into great copper alembics, capable of holding about two hundred and forty pounds of water. Into each of these alembics, with their downward-pointing nozzles, are put one hundred and eighty pounds of water, and twenty-five pounds of rose-leaves. This is then distilled till the turbid rose-water amounts to twenty-five pounds. The boilers are emptied, cleansed, and the process is repeated. The turbid fluid is again distilled, and then allowed to remain at

rest. On the surface of this double-distilled rose-water the precious essential oil rises like a greenish or yellowish scum. This is skimmed off by means of a conical spoon, with a small hole in the bottom to allow the water to run away. The appliances are all very rude, and there must

necessarily be much waste in a material so precious. According to estimates made at Kasanlik it takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make one pound of oil. And from four thousand to six thousand pounds of roses are the largest crops raised upon an (English) acre of land. The price for the pure attar is about four dollars per ounce.

Most of our most beautiful and successful roses come from England, where the prices asked for new roses are moderate—two and a half dollars retail, and about one dollar apiece by wholesale, for a plant being the usual price; while the French roses, about fifty new varieties of which come from a single establishment each year, average double that amount. Out of these fifty forty-nine, perhaps, prove of little worth and are cast aside. This may be due to the unsuitableness of our climate, if they are used as bedders, or to the variety not being prolific, or to its being unfitted for early forcing, if for hot-houses.

One of the foremost rose culturists in the country tells me that he invested fifteen hundred dollars in the much-vaunted and beautiful rose, *Her Majesty the Queen*. He bought one thousand plants at about one dollar a plant when the retail price was two and a half dollars, and his money was sunk, lost! The rose proved suitable neither as a hot-house nor as an out-door rose, and probably would not do so north of the parallel of Charleston, S. C. And yet the blossoms of this rose sold once for five dollars each, when he held probably the monopoly of it.

Roses have for several reasons never attained the prices reached by tulips and

orchids. They are not the luxuries of the rich so much as the heritage of the race. Great sums of money have been spent upon roses, and lost; but it was by the addition of smaller sums that the aggregate became large. A single plant rarely brings over three dollars; but a large shade of any variety proving a failure will, of course, be a serious loss, even at ordinary rates. Risks are constantly being taken by florists with the necessary consequences. The big stories in the newspapers are usually without any foundation in truth.

The reason why no rose ever brings such a price as many an orchid does is that the propagation of orchids is slow and doubtful, while a rose may be multiplied almost indefinitely, and that quickly. No one would be so foolish as to pay two thousand five hundred dollars for a rose (as was done lately for an orchid), when the next year the market might be flooded with the same variety. Rose plants are high priced while they are new; and the flowers are expensive in the season of the year when they are rare; but even at the highest they are of small commercial value when compared with orchids.

There are among modern roses such magnificent developments from the crossing of different varieties that it is difficult to select specimens. The ancestors of our present varieties are mainly the China, the damask, the Bengal and the Persian rose, combined with the wild roses of England and France. Sometimes the parentage is clear, and at others it is impenetrably obscure. But the blood of all the roses of history is running in the veins of our modern beauties, and we need not look too curiously into its source.



BANKSIA ROSES.



A ROSE VENDER OF POMPEII.



THE LAST TOKEN.

From the painting by Gabriel Max.

THE LAST TOKEN.*

(FOR THE PICTURE BY GABRIEL MAX.)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

SOME one has thrown me a rose !
Back from the opening glare
Turn I an instant, to where
(Close by the blood-pool, half dried,
Splashed from my mother's torn side,)
Red on the marble it glows.
Some one has thrown me a rose !

Will death be swift, in the ring ?
Death with red jaws dripping wide,
Death tawny-skinned, yellow-eyed,
Steel claws to crush and to rend
Body from soul, at the end ?
" God's be the glory ! " I sing,
Death as he wills, in the ring.

Who was it threw me the rose ?
Tier above pitiless tier
Meet I their eyes blazing here,
Matrons and maidens and men,
Chiding my lingering vain.
No cheek with pity that glows ?
Some one has thrown me a rose.

To you my last greeting goes.
God, who has called me to-day,
God, who will lead me this way,
Me—such a meek, childish thing—
Up where the gold angels sing,
He for my spirit will care.
Now, while my body they tear,
Back its last breath to you goes,
You, who have thrown me the rose !

* " At the last came forth a young maiden, scarce indeed more than a child, on whom the beasts, being no longer in rage of hunger, forbore for a space to spring. She lingering a moment by the gate, my heart was filled with pity of the thing, and I cast down to her the rose which thou, beloved, hadst lately given me. This she stooped to raise, looking in wonder toward the galleries, where methought there was no eye that pitied her, save only mine. And so, holding the rose, and with the smile as of a child on her lips, she went to the lions."

(Marcus to his well-beloved Julia.)

—A. D. 103.

MISS LOU.—PART IV.*

BY EDWARD F. ROE.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SMILE ON WAR'S GRIM FACE.

MISS LOU led the way to the broad, moonlit piazza. As Scoville followed, he saw that the girl was trembling violently, and he was thus able to grasp in some degree the courage she was manifesting in her first half-desperate essays toward freedom. "Poor child!" he thought, "her fright is surpassed only by her determination. How easily they could manage her by a little tact and kindness!"

She pointed to a chair near the hall door and faltered, "Lieutenant Scoville, I scarcely know whether I am doing right in seeing you here alone. I know little of the usages of society. I do not wish to appear to you unrefined."

"Miss Baron," he replied kindly, "I do not know why you have not the same right which other young ladies enjoy, of entertaining a gentleman at your home."

"Oh, I am so glad that you are not angry."

"I was never more lamb-like in my disposition than at this moment. Moreover, I wish to thank you as a brave girl and a genuine lady."

She was almost panting in her strong excitement and embarrassment. "Please remember," she said, "that I do not wish to do or say anything unbecoming, but I know so little and have been so tried——"

"Miss Baron," and he spoke low for fear he would be overheard, "I already know something of what you have passed through and of your brave assertion of a sacred right. Continue that assertion and no one can force you into marriage. I have ridden nearly twenty-four hours to be here in time and to make some return for your great kindness, but you were so brave that you scarcely needed help."

"Oh! I did need it. I was so frightened and so desperate that I was almost ready to

faint. My cousin is one who *will* have his own way. He has never been denied a thing in his life. I should have been taken away at least and then—oh, I just felt as if on the edge of a precipice. It seems dreadful that I should be speaking so of my kindred to a stranger and enemy——"

"Enemy! Far from it. A friend. Have you not protected my life and liberty? Miss Baron, I give you my sacred word, I swear to you by my mother's memory to be as loyal to you as if you were my own sister. Young as I am, perhaps I can advise you and help you, for it is indeed clear that you need a friend."

"I can not tell you what relief your words bring, for, inexperienced as I am, something assures me that I can trust you."

"Indeed you can. I would spoil my own life more truly than yours if I were not true to my oath. Please remember this and have confidence. That is what you need most—confidence. Believe in yourself as well as in me. Have you not been brave and true to yourself in the most painful of ordeals? Try to keep your self-control and you will make no serious mistakes, and never so misjudge me as to imagine I shall not recognize your good intentions."

"Ah!" she sighed, with a rush of tears, "that's the trouble. I'm so hasty; I lose my temper."

He smiled very genially as he said, "If you were as amiable as some girls you would have been married before this. Don't you see in what good stead your high spirit has stood you? I do not censure righteous anger when you are wronged. You are one who could not help such anger, and, if controlled, it will only help you. All I ask is that you so control it as to take no false steps and keep well within your certain rights. You are in a peculiarly painful position. Your kindred truly mean well by you—see how fair I am—but if they could carry out their intentions and marry you to that spoiled boy, you would be one of the most unhappy of women. If he is capable of trying to force you to marry him he would

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always be imperious and unreasonable. You would be a hard one to manage, Miss Baron, by the words, You must, and You shall; but I think Please, would go a good way if your reason and conscience were satisfied."

"Indeed, sir, you are right. If I loved my cousin I would marry him even though he were so badly wounded as to be helpless all his life. But my whole soul protests against the thought of marriage to any one. Why, sir, you can't know how like a child I've always been treated. I feel that I have a right to remain as I am, to see more of the world, to know more and enjoy more of life. I can scarcely remember when I was truly happy, so strictly have I been brought up. You would not believe it, but poor old Aun' Jinkey, my mammy, is almost the only one who has not always tried to make me do something whether I wished to or not. My aunt, Mrs. Whately, has meant to be kind, but even in my childish squabbles with my cousin, and in his exactions, she always took his part. I just want to be free—that's all."

"Well, Miss Baron, you are free now, and if you will simply assert your rights with quiet dignity you can remain free. Your kindred are mistaken in their attitude toward you, and you can make them see this in time. They are well-bred people and are not capable of using force or violence. They did, I suppose, believe terrible things of me and those I represent, and their action, perhaps, has been due partially to panic. That crisis is past; you have only to trust your own best instincts in order to meet future emergencies. Whatever comes, remember that your Northern friend said he had confidence that you would do what is brave and right. Perhaps we shall never meet again, for we are in the midst of a fierce, active campaign. There is much advice I would like to give you, but we shall not be left alone long, and the best thing now, after this long, hard day, is for you to get your mind quiet and hopeful. How quiet and peaceful everything is! not a harsh sound to be heard."

"Yes, and think what they tried to make me believe! They all should be treating you with kindness instead of—" but here she was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Whately.

In order to understand that lady's action and that of her relatives, we must go back to the moment when Miss Lou and Scoville left the supper room. Mrs. Whately was the first to recover her self-possession and some true appreciation of their situation. Mr. Baron in his rage would have gone out and broken up the conference on the piazza, but his sister said almost sternly, "Sit down."

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Baron, bitterly, "I hope you are both satisfied now with the results of courtesy to Yankees. I knew I was right in believing that we could have nothing whatever to do with them. I think it is monstrous that Louise is alone with one on the piazza, and that her uncle should interfere at once."

"Brother," said Mrs. Whately, "you can see our niece through the window from where you sit. She is talking quietly with the officer."

"Yes, and what may he not say to her? Already her contumacious rebellion passes all bounds. She has heard too much incendiary talk from him already," and he again rose to end the interview.

"Hector Baron," said his sister solemnly, "you must listen to me first, before you take any further steps. We will say nothing more about the past. It's gone and can't be helped. Now, with all the influence I have over you, I urge you and your wife to remain here until you are calm—till you have had a chance to think. Is this a time for headlong anger? Was there ever a period in your life when you should so carefully consider the consequences of your action? Please tell me how you and sister are going to *make* Louise do and think exactly what you wish. This is no time for blinking the truth that you have alienated her. You could easily now drive her to do something rash and terrible. I understand her better every moment and feel that we have taken the wrong course. She would have gone away with Madison as his cousin, and wifehood would have come naturally later. We have been too hasty, too arbitrary. You both must recognize the truth that you can not treat her as a child any longer or you will lose her altogether, for in this matter of marriage she has been made to know that she is not a child. She can be led into it now, but not forced into it. Her course is open now, but if you continue arbitrary her action may become clandestine and

even reckless. Then in regard to this Yankee officer. Alas! what he says is too true. In our strong feeling we shut our eyes to facts. Are we not in his power? He has spared my son's life and your property and home, and yet he has been virtually ordered out of the house. There is truth in what Louise said. We are not in the deepest stress of trouble—infinity removed from the trouble we might be in."

"He has not spared my property," growled Mr. Baron, "he has told all my people they are free. Where does that leave me?"

"Now, brother, your very words prove how essential it is that you regain your self-control and reason. Is this young officer going through the country on his own responsibility? He only echoes the proclamation of Abe Lincoln, whom he is bound to obey. Since we entered on the discussion of our differences could we expect him to do otherwise than present his side as strongly as he could? Now if you and sister can shake all this off by one mighty effort of your wills, do so; but if we do not wish to invite every evil we predicted, do let us be calm and rational. For one, I feel Louise's reproof keenly, and it will not do to outrage her sense of justice any longer. This officer has proved that we were wrong in our predictions before he came. If now we continue to treat him as outside the pale of courtesy, we lose her sympathy utterly and do our utmost to provoke him and his men. Merciful heaven! if my son were a bleeding corpse or dying in agony, what would the world be to me? I shall apologize to him and treat him with politeness as long as I am under his protection."

"I shall have nothing to do with him," said Mrs. Baron, pressing her thin lips together.

"Well, well," ejaculated Mr. Baron, "I suppose I shall have to become meeker than Moses, and kiss every rod that smites me for fear of getting a harsher blow."

Mrs. Whately felt that it was useless to say anything more, and as we have seen, joined her niece.

"Lieutenant," she said, "we owe you an apology, and I freely and frankly offer it. I fear you think we are making sorry return for your kindness."

"Mrs. Whately, I appreciate *your* good intentions, and I can make allowance for the

feelings of my host and hostess. The fine courtesy of Miss Baron would disarm hostility itself, but I assure you that there is no personal hostility on my part toward any of you."

"Well, sir, I must say that I regard it as a very kind ordering of Providence that we have fallen in such hands as yours."

"I certainly am in no mood to complain," he replied laughing. "Perhaps experience has taught us that we had better ignore our differences. I was just remarking to Miss Baron on the beauty and peacefulness of the night. Will you not join us? We can imagine a flag of truce flying, under which we can be just as good friends as we please."

"Thank you. I will join you with pleasure," and she sat down near her niece. "Well," she added, "this is a scene to be remembered."

Miss Lou looked at Scoville gratefully, for his words and manner had all tended to reassure her. In her revolt, he showed no disposition to encourage recklessness on her part. As her mind grew calmer she saw more clearly the course he had tried to define—that of blended firmness and courtesy toward her relatives. She was so unsophisticated and had been so confused and agitated, that she scarcely knew where to draw the line between simple, right action and indiscretion. Conscious of her inexperience, inclined to be both timid and reckless in her ignorance and trouble, she began even now to cling, metaphorically, to his strong, sustaining hand. His very presence produced a sense of restfulness and safety, and when he began to call attention to the scenes and sounds about them she was sufficiently quiet to be appreciative.

Dew sparkled in the grass of the lawn on which the shadows of trees and shrubbery fell motionless. The air was balmy and sweet with the fragrance of spring flowers. The mocking-birds were in full ecstatic song, their notes scaling down from bursts of melody to the drollery of all kinds of imitation. The wounded men on the far end of the piazza were either sleeping or talking in low tones, proving that there was no extremity of suffering. Off to the left, between them and the negro quarters, were two or three fires, around which the Union soldiers were reclining, some already asleep after the fatigues of the day, others playing

cards or spinning yarns, while one, musically inclined, was evoking from a flute an air plaintive and sweet in the distance. Farther away under the trees, shadows in shadow; the horses were dimly seen eating their provender. The Confederate prisoners, smoking about a fire, appeared to be taking the "horrors of captivity" very quietly and comfortably. At the quarters they heard the sound of negro singing, half barbaric in its wildness.

"It is hard to realize that this scene means war," remarked Miss Lou, after they had gazed and listened a few moments in silence.

"Yet it does," said Scoville quietly. "Look down the avenue. Do you not see the glint of the moonbeams on a carbine? All around us are men mounted and armed. If a shot were fired, we should all be ready for battle in three minutes. Those prisoners will be guarded with sleepless vigilance till I deliver them up. There is a sentinel at the back of the house, three guarding the out-buildings, and so it will be till I am relieved and another takes command."

"Who will he be?" she asked apprehensively.

"I do not know."

"Oh, I wish you could guard us till these troubles are over."

"I can honestly echo that wish," added Mrs. Whately.

"Thank you. It would be pleasanter duty than usually falls to the lot of a soldier. Yet in these times I scarcely know what my duty may be from hour to hour."

"You told us that we need not fear anything to-night," began Mrs. Whately.

"Not unless I am attacked, I said. I am aware that at this moment your son is seeking a force to do this. I do not think that he will be able to find any, however, before morning. In any event you could have nothing to fear from us, except as your dreams were disturbed by a battle."

"Oh, I wish I were a soldier!" exclaimed the girl. "This whole scene seems as if taken right out of a story."

"You are looking at this moment on the bright side of our life. At any rate, I'm glad you're not a soldier. If you were, my duty might be made more difficult. It has other and very different sides. By the way, I would like to watch those negroes a little while, and listen to them. Their perform-

ances always interest me deeply. Will not you ladies go with me? Soon I must get some rest while I can."

Miss Lou looked at her aunt, who hesitated a moment, then said, "I am very tired, Lieutenant. I will trust you as a chivalrous enemy to take my niece, and I will sit here until you return."

"I deeply appreciate your kindness, madam."

Miss Lou went with him gladly and found herself at the close of the long, miserable day becoming positively happy. When out of hearing she said, "Aunt's permission almost took away my breath. Yet it seems to me just the way a girl ought to be treated. Oh, how perfectly delicious is a little bit of freedom! How perfectly grand to have something going on that does not mean no end of trouble to one's self!"

Scoville laughed lightly as he replied, "I now wish you were a soldier and an officer in my regiment. You and I would make good comrades."

"You forget, sir," she answered in like vein, "that I am a bloodthirsty little rebel."

"On the contrary, I remember that yours was the kind, pitying face which made me half fancy I was in heaven when recovering from my swoon."

"Chunk and Aun' Jinkey brought you back to earth right sudden, didn't they?" and her laugh rang out merrily.

"Sister," cried Mr. Baron, running out on the veranda, "what on earth—I thought I heard Louise laugh way off toward the quarters."

"You did."

"What! has she broken all bounds, defied all authority, and gone utterly wild in her rebellion?"

Mrs. Whately made a gesture of half irritable protest. Meantime, Mrs. Baron, hearing her husband's voice, came out and exclaimed, "Is that Louise and the Yankee yonder, going off alone?"

"They are not 'going off.' You and brother may join them if you wish. They simply intend to watch the people at the quarters a little while, and I will wait here for them."

"Sarah Whately!" gasped Mrs. Baron, "can you mean to say that you have permitted our ward to do such an indelicate

thing? She has never been permitted to go out alone in the evening with any young man, and the idea that she should begin with a *Yankee*!"

"She is not alone. She is always within call and most of the time in sight. I will make one more effort to bring you both to reason," added Mrs. Whately, warmly, "and then, if we continue to differ so radically, I will return home in the morning, after giving Louise to understand that she can always find a refuge with me if it is necessary. Can you think I would let the girl whom my son hopes to marry do an indelicate thing? Pardon me, but I think I am competent to judge in such matters. I will be answerable for her conduct and that of Lieutenant Scoville also, for he is a gentleman if he is our enemy. I tell you again that your course toward Louise will drive her to open, reckless defiance. It is a critical time with her. She is my niece as well as your ward, and it is the dearest wish of myself and son that she should be bound to us by the closest ties. I will not have her future and all our hopes endangered by a petty, useless tyranny. If you will treat her like a young lady of eighteen I believe she will act like one."

Mrs. Baron was speechless in her anger, but her husband began, "Oh well, if he were a Southern officer——"

Then the blood of her race became too hot for Mrs. Whately's control, and she sprang up, saying, "Well, then, go and tell him to his face that he's a vile Yankee, a Goth and Vandal, a ruthless invader, unworthy of a moment's trust, and incapable of behaving like a gentleman! Take no further protection at his hands. How can you be so blind as not to see I am doing the best thing possible to retain Louise within our control and lead her to fulfill our hopes? I ask you again, how are you going to *make* Louise do what you wish? You can not be arbitrary with even one of your own slaves any longer."

"Well," said Mrs. Baron, "I wash my hands of it all," and she retired to her room. Mr. Baron sat down in a chair and groaned aloud. It was desperately hard for him to accept the strange truth that he could not order every one on the place, his niece included, to do just what pleased him. Never had an autocratic potentate been more completely nonplussed; but his sister's

words, combined with events, brought him face to face with his impotence so inexorably that for a time he had nothing to say.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JOY OF FREEDOM.

In an open space near the quarters the negroes had kindled a fire, although the night was mild. These children of the sun love warmth and all that is cheerful and bright, their emotions appearing to kindle more readily with the leaping flames. When Miss Lou and Scoville approached, the worshipers were just concluding the hymn heard on the piazza. From the humble cabins stools, benches, rickety chairs, and nondescript seats made from barrels, had been brought and placed in a circle close about the fire. These were occupied by the elderly and infirm. Uncle Lusthah, whose name had been evolved from Methuselah, was the evident leader of the meeting, and Miss Lou whispered to her attendant, "He's the recognized preacher among them, and I believe he tries to live up to his ideas of right."

"Then I'll listen to him very respectfully," said Scoville.

Their advent created quite a commotion, and not a few were inclined to pay court to the "Linkum ossifer." All who had seats rose to offer them, but Scoville smiled, shook his head and waved them back. Uncle Lusthah immediately regained attention by shouting, "Look at me:" then, "Now look up. Who we uns befo? De King. Degret Jehovah. Bow yo haid's humble; drap yo eyes. Tek off de shoon from yo feet lak Moses w'en he gwine neah de bunin bush. Young marster en young mistis standin' dar 'spectful. Dey knows dat ef de gret Linkum yere hissef, Linkum's Lawd en Master yere befo' 'im. Let us all gib our 'tention ter 'Im who's brung 'liverance ter Is'el at las'. We uns gwine troo de Red Sea ob wah now en des whar de promis' lan' is we got ter fin' out, but we hab tuned our backs on ole Egypt en we ain' gwine back no mo'. Brudren en sistas, you'se yeard a Gospil, a good news, dis eb'nin sho! You'se yeard you free, bless de Lawd! I'se been waitin fer dis news mo' yeahs den I kin reckermember, but dey's come fo' my ole haid's under de sod. Hit's all right dat we uns is glad en sing aloud

for joy, but we orter rejice wid trem'lin. De 'sponsibil'ties ob freedom is des tremenjus. W'at you uns gwine ter do wid freedom? Does you tink you kin git lazy en thievin en drunken? Is dere any sech foolishness yere? Will eny man or 'ooman call deysefs free w'en dey's slabs ter some mean, nasty vice? Sech folks alus be slabs, en dey orter be slabs ter a man wid a big whip. See how de young master 'haves dat brung de news ob freedom. He know he juty en he does hit brave. He mek de w'ite sogers he 'mands des toe de mark. We uns got ter toe a long, w'ite mark. We ain' free ter do foolishness no mo' dan he en he men is. De gret Linkum got he eye on you; de Cap'n ob our salvation got he eye on you. Now I des gib you some 'structions," and happy it would have been for the freedmen—for their masters and deliverers also, it may be added—if all had followed Uncle Lusthah's "'structions."

When through with his exhortation the old preacher knelt down on the box which served as his pulpit and offered a fervent petition. From the loud "amens" and "lu-jahs" he evidently voiced the honest feeling of the hour in his dusky audience. Scoville was visibly affected at the reference to him. "May de deah Lawd bress de young Linkum ossifer," rose Uncle Lusthah's tones, loud, yet with melodious power and pathos, for he was gifted with a voice of unusual compass, developed by his calling. "He des took he life in he hand en come down in de lan' ob de shadder, de gret, dark shadder dat's been restin' on de hearts ob de slabs. We had no fader, no muder, no wife, no chile. Dey didn't 'long to we uns, fer dey cud be sole right out'n our arms en we see dem no mo'. De gret shadder ob slav'y swallow dem up. Young marster face de bullit, face de so'ed, face de curse ter say we free. May de Lawd be he shiel en buckler, compass 'im roun' wid angel wings, stop de han' riz ter strike, tun away de bullit aim at he heart. May de Lawd brung 'im gray hars at las lak mine, so he see, en his chil'n see, en our chil'n see de 'liverance he hep wrought out.

"En dar's young mistis. She hab a heart ter feel fer de po' slabe. She alus look kin' at we uns, en she stood tween we uns en wounds en death; w'en all was agin us en she in de watehs ob triberlation hersef, she say fo' dem all, 'No harm come ter us.' She

put her lil w'ite arm roun' her ole mammy." ("Dat she did," cried Aun' Jinkey, who was swaying back and forth where the fire lit up her wrinkled visage, "'en de gret red welt on her sholer now.") "She took de blow," continued Uncle Lusthah, amidst groans and loud lamentations, "en de Lawd, wid whose stripes we healed, will bress her en hab aready bressed her en brung her 'liverance 'long o' we uns. May He keep her eyes fum teahs, en er heart fum de breakin' trouble; may He shine on a path dat lead ter all de bes' tings in dis yere worl en den ter de sweet home ob hebin!"

When the voice of Uncle Lusthah ceased Scoville heard a low sob from Miss Lou at his side and he was conscious that tears stood in his own eyes. His heart went out in strong homage to the young girl to whom such tribute had been paid and her heart thrilled at the moment as she distinguished his deep "amen" in the strong, general endorsement of the petition in her behalf.

Then rose a hymn which gathered such volume and power that it came back in echoes from distant groves.

"Hark, hark, I year a soun'. Hit come fum far away;
Wake, wake, en year de soun' dat come fum far away.
De night am dark, de night been long, but dar de mawuin gray;

En wid de light is comin' sweet a soun' fum far away.

"Look how de light am shinin' now across de gret Red Sea.

On Egypt sho' we stay no mo' in slaving misery.

Ole Pharaoh year de voice ob God, 'Des set my people free;

En now we march wid song en shout, right troo de gret Red Sea."

Every line ended with the rising inflection of more than a hundred voices, followed by a pause in which the echoes repeated clearly the final sound. The effect was weird, strange in the last degree, and, weary as he was, Scoville felt all his nerves tingling.

The meeting now broke up, to be followed by dancing and singing among the younger negroes. Uncle Lusthah, Aun' Jinkey, and many others crowded around Scoville and "the young mistis" to pay their respects. Chunk and Zany, standing near, graciously accepted the honors showered upon them. The officer speedily gave Miss Lou his arm and led her away. When so distant as to be unobserved, he said in strong emphasis, "Miss Baron, I take off my hat to you.

Not to a princess would I pay such homage as to the woman who could wake the feeling with which these poor people regard you."

She blushed with the deepest pleasure of her life, for she had been repressed and reprimanded so long that words of encouragement and praise were very sweet. But she only said with a laugh, "Oh, come; don't turn my poor bewildered head any more to-night. I'm desperately anxious to have uncle and aunt think I'm a very mature young woman, but I know better and so do you. Why, even Uncle Lusthah made me cry like a child."

"Well, his words about you brought tears to my eyes, and so there's a pair of us."

"Oh!" she cried delightedly, giving his arm a slight pressure, "I didn't know that you'd own up to that. When I saw them I felt like laughing and crying at the same moment. And so I do now—it's so delicious to be free and happy—to feel that some one is honestly pleased with you."

He looked upon her upturned face, still dewy from emotion, and wondered if the moon that night shone on a fairer object the world around. It was indeed the face of a glad, happy child no longer depressed by woes a few hours old, nor fearful of what the next hour might bring. Her look into his eyes was also that of a child, full of unbounded trust, now that her full confidence was won. "You do indeed seem like a lovely child, Miss Baron, and old Uncle Lusthah told the whole truth about you. Those simple folk are like children themselves and find people out by intuition. If you were not good-hearted they would know it. Well, I'm glad I'm not old myself."

"But you're going to be old—*awful* old," she replied, full of rippling laughter. "Oh, wasn't I glad to hear Uncle Lusthah pray over you! for if there is a God who takes any care of people, you will live to be as gray as he is."

"If there is a God?"

"Oh, I'm a little heathen. I couldn't stand uncle or aunt's God at all or believe in Him. They made me feel that He existed just to approve of their words and ways, and to help them keep me miserable. When I hear Uncle Lusthah he stirs me all up just as he did to-night; but then I've always been taught that he's too ignorant—well, I don't know. Uncle and aunt made an awful blunder," and here she began to

laugh again. "There is quite a large library at the house, at least I suppose it's large, and I read and read till I was on the point of rebellion, before you and Cousin Mad came. Books make some things clear and others so—so puzzling. I like to hear you talk, for you seem so decided and you know so much more than I do. Cousin Mad never read much. It was always horse, and dog, and gun with him. How I'm running on and how far I am from your question! But it is such a new thing to have a listener who cares and understands. Aun' Jinkey cares, poor soul! but she can understand so little. Lieutenant, I can answer your implied question in only one way; I wish to know what is true. Do you believe there's a God who cares for us as Uncle Lusthah says?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad you do; and simply saying so will have more weight than all arguments."

"Please remember, Miss Baron, I haven't said that I lived up to my faith. It's hard to do this I suppose, in the army. Still I've no right to any excuses, much less to the unmanly one that it's hard. What if it is? That's a pretty excuse for a soldier. Well, no matter about me, except that I wish you to know that with all my mind and heart I believe that there is a good God taking care of a good girl like you. Pardon me if I ask another question quite foreign. How could your cousin wish to marry you if you do not love him?"

He wondered as he saw the child-like look pass from her face and her brow darken into a frown. "I scarcely know how to answer you," she said, "and I only understand vaguely myself. I understand better, though, since I've known you. When you were hiding in Aun' Jinkey's cabin you looked *good-will* at me. I saw that you were not thinking of yourself, but of me, and that you wished me well. I feel that Cousin Mad is always thinking of himself, that his professed love of me is a sort of self-love. He gives me the feeling that he wants me for his *own* sake, not for *my* sake at all. I don't believe he'd love me a minute after he got tired of me. I'd be just like the toys he used to cry for, then break up. I won't marry such a man, *never*."

"You had better not. Hush! We are approaching a man yonder who appears

anxious to hear what is none of his business."

They had been strolling slowly back, often pausing in the deep mutual interest of their conversation. Miss Lou now detected Perkins standing in the shadow of his dwelling, between the mansion and the quarters.

"That's the overseer," she said, in a low voice. "How quick your eyes are!"

"They must be in my duty." Then he directed their steps so as to pass near the man. When opposite, he turned his eyes suddenly upon Perkins' face, and detected such a scowl of hostility and hate that his hand dropped instinctively on the butt of his revolver. "Well, sir," he said, sternly, "you have shown your disposition."

"You didn't 'spect ter find a friend, I reckon," was the surly yet confused reply.

"Very well, I know how to treat such bitter enemies as you have shown yourself to be. Officer of the guard!" A trooper ran forward from the camp-fire and saluted. "Put this man with the other prisoners, and see that he has no communication with any one."

As Perkins was marched off they heard him mutter a curse. "Pardon me, Miss Baron," Scoville resumed. "The lives of my men are in my care, and that fellow would murder us all if he had a chance. I don't know that he could do any harm, but it would only be from lack of opportunity. I never take risks that I can help."

"Having seen his expression I can't blame you," was her reply.

A new train of thought was awakened in Scoville. He paused a moment and looked at her earnestly.

"Why do you look at me so?" she asked.

"Miss Baron, pardon me, but I do wish I were going to be here longer, or rather, I wish the war was over. I fear there are deep perplexities, and perhaps dangers, before you. My little force is in the van of a raiding column which will pass rapidly through the country. It will be here to-morrow morning, but gone before night, in all probability. The war will be over soon, I trust, but so much may happen before it is. You inspire in me such deep solicitude. I had to tell those poor negroes that they were free. So they would be if within our lines. But when we are gone that overseer may be brutal,

and the slaves may come again to you for protection. That cousin of yours may also come again—oh, it puts me in a sort of rage to think of leaving you so unfriended. You will have to be a woman in very truth, and brave, circumspect one, too."

"You are right, sir," she replied with dignity, "and you must also remember that I will be a Southern woman. I do feel most friendly to you personally, but not toward your cause. Forgive me if I have acted and spoken too much like a child to-night, and do not misunderstand me. Circumstances have brought us together in a strange way, and while I live I shall remember you with respect and gratitude. I can never lose the friendly interest you have inspired, and I can never think of the North as I hear others speak of it; but I belong to my own people and I should be very unhappy and humiliated if I felt that I must continue to look to an enemy of my country for protection. I can not go over to your side any more than you can come over to ours."

He merely sighed in answer.

"You do not think less—" and then she paused in troubled silence.

"Louise," called Mrs. Whately's voice.

"Yes," replied the girl, "we are coming."

"I think you will always try to do what seems right to you, Miss Baron. May God help and guide you, for you may have trouble of which you little dream. What you say about your side and my side has no place in my thoughts. I'll help settle such questions with soldiers. Neither do I wish to be officious, but there is something in my very manhood which protests against a fair young girl like you being so beset with troubles."

"Forgive me," she said earnestly. "There it is again. You are unselfishly thinking of me, and that's so new. There's no use of disguising it. When you go there'll not be one left except Aun' Jinkey and Uncle Lusthah who will truly wish what's best for me without regard to themselves. Well, it can't be helped. At least I have had a warning which I won't forget."

"But Mrs. Whately seems so kindly—"

"Hush! I see uncle coming. She would sacrifice herself utterly for her son, and do you think she would spare me?"

Mr. Baron's fears and honest sense of responsibility led him at last to seek his

niece. In doing this he saw Perkins under guard. Hastening to Scoville he demanded, "What does this mean? My overseer is not a combatant, sir."

"Mr. Baron," replied the officer, "have you not yet learned that I am in command on this plantation?"

Poor Mr. Baron lost his temper again and exploded most unwisely in the words, "Well, sir, my niece is not under your command. You had no right to take her from the house without my permission. I shall report you to your superior officer to-morrow."

"I hope you will, sir."

"I also protest against the treatment of my overseer."

"Very well, sir."

"You will please release my niece's arm and leave us to ourselves, as you promised."

"No, sir, I shall escort Miss Baron back to Mrs. Whately, from whom I obtained the honor of her society."

"Louise, I command—" Mr. Baron began, almost choking with rage.

"No, uncle," replied the girl, "you *command* me no more. Request me politely, and I will shake hands with Lieutenant Scoville, thank him for his courtesy to me and to us all, and then go with you."

The old man turned on his heel and walked back to the house without a word.

"Bravo!" whispered Scoville, but he felt her hand tremble on his arm. "That's your true course," he added. "Insist on the treatment due your age, act like a lady, and you will be safe."

"Well," Mrs. Whately tried to say politely, "have not you young people taken an ell?"

"No, Mrs. Whately," Scoville replied gravely. "We have not taken a step out of our way between here and the quarters, although we have lingered in conversation. We have ever been in plain sight of many of your people. I put the overseer under arrest because I had absolute proof of his malicious hostility. I shall inflict no injury on any one who does not threaten to be dangerous to my command, my duty requiring that I draw the line sharply there. Mrs. Whately, I have never met a young lady who inspired in me more honest respect. If we have trespassed on your patience, the blame is mine. Ladies, I thank you for your courtesy and

wish you good-night," and he walked rapidly away.

"Aunty," said Miss Lou, "you have begun to treat me in a way which would inspire my love and confidence."

"Well, my dear, I am sorely perplexed. If we yield in minor points, you should in vital ones, and trust to our riper experience and knowledge."

The distractions of the day had practically robbed Mr. Baron of all self-control, and he now exclaimed, "I yield nothing. As your guardian I shall maintain my rights and live up to my sense of responsibility. If by wild, reckless conduct you thwart my efforts in your behalf, my responsibility ceases. I can then feel that I have done my best."

"And so, uncle, you would be quite content, no matter what became of me," added the girl bitterly. "Well, then, I tell you to your face that you can not marry me, like a slave girl, to whom you please. I'll die first. I shall have my girlhood, and then, as woman, marry or not marry, as I choose. Aunty, I appeal to you, as a woman and a lady, to stop this wretched folly if you can."

"Louise," said her aunt, kindly, "as long as I have a home it shall be a refuge to you. I hope the morrow will bring wiser counsels and better moods to us all."

The mansion soon became quiet, and all slept in the weariness of reaction. No sound came from the darkened dwelling except an occasional groan from one of the wounded men on the piazza. Scoville, wrapped in a blanket, lay down by the fire with his men and was asleep almost instantly. The still shadows on the dewy grass slowly turned toward the east as the moon sank low. To the last, its beams glinted on the weapons of vigilant sentinels and videttes, and the only warlike sounds occurred at the relief of guards. All rested who could rest except one—the overseer. Restless, vindictive, he watched and listened till morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WELL-AIMED SLIPPER.

It would be hard to imagine a morning more lovely, a more perfect type of peace and good-will, than the one which dawned over the Oaks' plantation the following day. With the light came fragrant zephyrs of delicious coolness; the stillness of the night gave

place to a slight stir and rustle of foliage ; chanticleers crowed lustily, with no forebodings of their doom ; the horses began to whinny for their breakfasts ; the negroes to emerge from their quarters to greet the light of this first fair day of freedom. Uncle Lushah declared " *De millenyum yere sho' !* " Smoke rose from Aun' Jinkey's chimney, and after the pone was baking on the hearth she came out on the doorstep with her pipe to do a little " *projeckin'.* " Even she was impressed with the beauty and peacefulness of the morning. " *En ter think,* " she ejaculated, " *my honey's sleepin' like a lil chile 'stead ob cryin' en wringin' her han's nobody know whar ! W'en dey gits to mar'in my honey en she a bleatin' en a tremlin' like a lamb 'long a wolf dat lickin' he chops ober her, den I say hit's time fer a smash up. Mars Scoville look like he 'tect her gin de hull worl'.* "

So thought Miss Lou herself. In her weariness and sense of security she had slept soundly till the light grew distinct, when the birds awakened her. With consciousness memory quickly reproduced what had occurred. She sprang to the window and peeped through the blinds in time to see Scoville rise from his bivouac and throw aside his blanket. With a soldier's promptness he aroused his men and began giving orders, the tenor of one being that a scouting party should prepare to go out immediately.

" *Oh !* " she sighed, " *if I had such a brother what a happy girl I might be ! I don't believe I'd ever care to marry.* "

She was far from being a soft-natured, susceptible girl, and while Scoville kindled her imagination and had won her trust, she did not think of him as a lover. Indeed, the very word had become hateful to her, associating it as she did with her cousin and the idea of selfish appropriation. More strongly than any slave on the plantation, she longed for freedom, and the belief that the Union officer understood her, respecting her rights and feelings, won him all the favor she was then capable of bestowing upon any one. If he had employed his brief opportunity in gallantry and love-making she would have been disgusted. " *I never met any one like him,* " she soliloquized as she hastily dressed. " *It's so strange to find one willing I should be a little bit happy in my own way, who is*

not 'seeking my best welfare,' as uncle says. Welfare, indeed ! As if I couldn't see some wish or scheme of their own back of all they say or do ! His dark eyes declare, ' *I wish you well whether you are useful to me or not.* ' Well, I am glad I've known him, whether I ever see him again or not. He has made my course much clearer. "

The inmates of the mansion as well as those without were soon busy in their preparations for a day which all felt must be eventful. That the " *millenyum* " had not come was soon proved by the commencement of hostilities on the part of Mrs. Baron and Scoville. The latter was approaching the kitchen to interview Aun' Suke when " *Ole Miss* " appeared.

" *Madam,* " he said, lifting his hat, " *will you kindly direct your cook to prepare a breakfast immediately for the wounded ? It should be light as well as nutritious, for some are feverish.* "

She paid no more attention to him than if he had not spoken, and entered Aun' Suke's domain. There was a mirthful flash in his dark eyes as he followed her. When she saw him standing in the doorway, her cold stare, more clearly than words, designated him " *intruder.* " He steadily returned her gaze, and Aun' Suke, who had been shouting over freedom the night before, now had the temerity to quiver in all her vast proportions with amusement.

" *Madam,* " resumed Scoville, removing his hat, " *will you give my orders, or shall I ?* "

" *Your orders, sir ! and in my kitchen !* "

" *Certainly, madam, and my orders in this instance are simply the dictates of humanity.* "

" *I will see that our men are well cared for. I am not responsible for the others.* "

" *But I am, and all must fare alike. Cook, prepare a nice light breakfast for all the wounded men before you do anything else.* "

" *Yes, mars'r, I 'bey you, I cert'ny will.* "

Scoville strode away to attend to other duties. Mrs. Baron glared after him and then at Aun' Suke, who at once began her work.

" *Do you mean to say that you'll take no more orders from me ?* " the old lady asked, in tones of suppressed anger.

" *Cyant do mo' en one ting ter oncet. Ob co'se I git yo breakfas' when I kin. Reckon*

dough we soon hab ter disergree on my wages. I'se a free 'ooman."

"Oh, you are free and I am not. That's the new order of things your Yankee friends would bring about."

"La now, misus," said matter-of-fact Aun' Suke, again shaking with mirth at the idea, "you got mo' edication 'n me. W'at de use bein blin' des on puppose? Spose you en ole marster tell me dat ain' a egg" (holding one up) "cyant I see? Hit's broad sun-up. Why not des look at tings ez dey iz? Sabe a heap ob trouble. Yere, you lil niggahs, hep right smart or you neber get yo breakfas'."

Mrs. Baron went back to the house looking as if the end of the world had come instead of the millennium.

In the hall she met her husband and Mrs. Whately, to whom she narrated what had occurred. Mr. Baron had settled down into a sort of sullen endurance, and made no answer, but Mrs. Whately began earnestly: "Our very dignity requires that we have no more collisions with a power we can not resist. Even you, sister, must now see that you gain nothing and change nothing. We can be merely passive in our hostility. The only course possible for us is to endure this ordeal patiently and then win Louise over to our wishes."

Miss Lou, who was dusting the parlor, stole to the farther end of the apartment and rattled some ornaments to warn them of her presence. She smiled bitterly as she muttered, "Our wishes; mine will never be consulted."

Mrs. Whately entered the parlor and kissed her niece affectionately. She did not like the girl's expression and the difficulty of her task grew clearer. Nevertheless, her heart was more set on the marriage than ever before, since her motives had been strengthened by thought. That her son was bent upon it was one of the chief considerations. "If I obtain for him this prize," she had reasoned, "he must see that there is no love like a mother's."

Miss Lou, also, had been unconsciously revealing her nature to the sagacious matron, who felt the girl, if won, would not become a pretty toy, soon wearying her son by insipidity of character. "I know better," the lady thought, "than to agree with brother and sister that Louise is merely willful and perverse." Feeling that she was incapable

of controlling her son, she would be glad to delegate this task to the one who had the most influence over him and who best promised to maintain it. She was not so blind in her indulgence as helpless in it from long habit. She thought that as a wife the girl would not only hold her own, but also do much toward restraining her son in his wild tendencies; but she gave no weight to the consideration often in Miss Lou's mind, "I do not see why everything and everybody should exist for Cousin Mad's benefit."

Mrs. Whately secretly approved of Scoville's orders in regard to the wounded, but did not so express herself, resolving not to come into collision again with her relatives unless it was essential. She now went out and assisted the surgical trooper in dressing the men's injuries. Miss Lou had learned that breakfast would be delayed, and so decided to satisfy her hunger partially at Aun' Jinkey's cabin. The excitements of the preceding day had robbed her of all appetite, but now she was ravenous. Her estrangement from her uncle and aunt was so great that she avoided them, having a good deal of the child's feeling, "I won't speak till they make up first."

The old negress heard her rapid steps and looked out from her door. "O mammy," cried the girl, "I'm that hungry I could almost eat you, and I don't know when we'll have breakfast."

"Youdes in time den, honey. Come right in."

But Miss Lou paused at the door in embarrassment, for Scoville had risen from the table and was advancing to meet her. "Good morning, Miss Baron," he said. "Aunt Jinkey and Chunk have prepared me a capital breakfast, and I would be only too delighted to share it. I must be in the saddle soon and so availed myself of the first chance for a meal. Please do not hesitate, for it will probably be my only opportunity of saying good-bye."

"Dar now, honey, sit right down. Ef Marse Scoville ain' quality den I doesn't know um."

"Miss Baron," cried Scoville, laughing, "Aunt Jinkey has raised a point now which you alone can settle—the question of my quality."

"About the same as my own, I reckon," said the girl sitting down with rosy cheeks.

"Aun' Jinkey is evidently your ally, for she has put her invitation in a form which I could not decline without hurting the feelings of—"

"Your sincere and grateful friend," interrupted the officer.

"Uncle and aunt would think I was committing an unheard-of indiscretion."

"But *are* you?"

"I'm too hungry to discuss the question now," she answered, laughing. "Do let us hasten, for such *old* friends should not part with their mouths full."

"Well, hit des does my ole heart good ter see you sittin dar, Miss Lou. I'se po'ful glad yo mouf's full ob breakfas' en dat yo eyes ain' full ob tears. W'at we projeckin' 'bout yistidy?"

"Now, Aun' Jinkey, just keep still. I can't show becoming sentiment on any subject except pones and such coffee as I have not tasted for a long time."

"Hit Yankee coffee."

"I drink your health in my one contribution," cried Scoville. "Never mind, aunty, we'll be jolly over it all the same. I agree with you. It's worth a month's pay to see Miss Baron happy and hungry. I'd like to know who has a better right. Aunt Jinkey's told me how you protected her. That was fine. You'd make a soldier."

"Oh, please stop such talk, both of you. I'm ridiculously unlike the heroines in uncle's library. Lieutenant, please don't say 'Ha! the hour has come and we must part, perhaps forever.' I won't have any forever. Uncle Lusthah has insured you gray hairs, and if you don't come and see us before they're gray, Aun' Jinkey and I will believe all uncle says about the Yankees."

"And so you ought," said Scoville. "Oh, I'll come back to breakfast with you again, if I have to come on crutches. Well, I must go. There is Chunk with the horses. Even now I'm keeping one ear open for a shot from that hasty cousin of yours."

At this reference she looked grave and rose from the table. "Lieutenant," she said, taking his proffered hand, "please do not think me a giddy child nor an unfeeling girl. I do thank you. I do wish you well just as you wish me well—for your own sake. Oh, it seems such a blessed thing for people to feel simple, honest good-will toward one another, without having some scheme back of it all."

"Well, Miss Baron, if I had a chance I'd soon prove that I too had a scheme. The chief point in it would be to keep all trouble out of the eyes that looked on me so kindly when I came to my senses in this cabin. Heaven bless your good, kind heart! Promise me one thing."

"Well?"

"If your cousin comes soon there may be a sharp fight. Keep out of danger. I could never be myself again if my coming here should result in injury to you."

"As far as my curiosity will permit I will try to keep out of the way. I've seen so little in my short life that I must make the most of this brief opportunity. In a day or so you may all be gone, and then the old humdrum life will begin again."

"Yes, we may all be gone before night. Your chief danger then will be from the stragglers which follow the army like vultures. If possible, I will induce the general to leave a guard to-night. I wish Mr. Baron had a clearer eye to his interests and safety. The general is not lamb-like. If a guard can be procured for to-night it will be due to your action and my representations. My services as a scout have brought me in rather close contact with the general, and possibly I may induce him to give protection as long as the interest of the service permits. All questions will be decided with reference to the main chance; so, if I seem neglectful, remember I must obey my orders, whatever they are. Ah! there's a shot."

Her hand ached long afterward from his quick, strong pressure, and then he mounted and was away at a gallop. Miss Lou hastily returned to the house, but Chunk coolly entered the cabin, saying, "I'se git a bite fer mebbe I ain' year ter dinner."

"Reckon you better be skerce, Chunk, ef Mad Whately comes," said his grandmother, trembling.

"I knows des w'at ter 'spect fum Mad Whately en fum dat ar oberseer, too, but dey fin' me a uggly ole hornet. I got my sting han'y," and he tapped the butt of a revolver in the breast of his coat. Having devoured the remnants of the breakfast he darted out and mounted his horse also.

Mad Whately was coming sure enough, and like a whirlwind. He had fallen in with the van of the Confederate advance during the night, and by his representations had

induced an early and forced march to the Oaks. The vigilant Scoville, with his experiences as a scout fresh in his mind, had foreseen this possibility. He had two plans in his mind and was ready to act upon either of them.

Rushing through the hallway of the mansion from the rear entrance, Miss Lou found her kindred on the veranda. They were too excited and eager to ask where she had been, for the fierce rebel yell had already been raised at the entrance of the avenue.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Baron, "now we'll see this Yankee scum swept away."

Apparently he would have good reason for his exultation. Scoville was the last man in the world to fight blindly, and Miss Lou kept her eyes on him. As he sat on his horse, where he commanded the best view of the advancing enemy, she thought he appeared wonderfully quiet. Not so his men. They were galloping to the right of the mansion, where there was a grove on rising ground which formed a long ridge stretching away to the northwest. It can readily be guessed that it was Scoville's aim not to be cut off from the main Union column by a superior force, and the ridge would enable him to see his enemy before he fought, if he should deem it wise to fight at all. He knew that his horses were fresh. If those of the attacking party were somewhat blown he could easily keep out of the way if it were too strong to cope with. He exchanged a few words with the sergeant commanding the scouting party recently sent out, and pointed to the grove with his saber, then slowly followed with his eye on the enemy.

Miss Lou was in a fever of apprehension in his behalf, for already shots were fired at him from the Confederates. Suddenly she heard the click of a musket lock just beneath her, and, looking down, saw Perkins leveling a piece at Scoville. Quick as light she drew off her slipper and dashed it into the man's face as he fired. By reason of his disconcerted aim the bullet flew harmlessly by the Union officer, who gave a quick, stern glance toward his assailant, recognized him, and galloped after his men.

"You vile murderer!" cried Miss Lou, "would you shoot a man in his back?"

"Oh, come, Perkins, that's hardly the thing, no matter what your provocation," Mr. Baron added.

Perkins bestowed a malignant glance on Miss Lou, then limped away, wearing a sullen look. The officer in command of the Confederates sheered off across the lawn toward the grove, and the girl quickly saw that his force greatly outnumbered that of Scoville. Mad Whately dashed up to the piazza steps and asked breathlessly, "Are you all safe?"

"Yes," cried his mother. "Thank God! I see you are safe also."

He turned his eyes on his cousin, but in her cold, steady gaze found no encouragement. With something like an oath, he turned and galloped after the attacking force.

But Scoville did not wait to be attacked. He continued with his men along the ridge, retreating rapidly when pressed, pausing when pursuit slackened. The officer in command soon remarked to Whately, "We are using up our horses to no purpose, and we shall need them for more important work later in the day."

Therefore he sounded recall and retired on the mansion, Scoville following, thus proving that he was governed by other motives than fear. Indeed, he was in a very genial frame of mind. He had got all his men off safely, except two or three laggards, and had already sent swift riders to inform his general of the situation. Knowing that the tables would soon be turned, he was quite content that he had not made an obstinate and useless resistance. "What's more," he thought, "Miss Lou would not have kept out of danger. It isn't in her nature to do so. Miss Lou! I wish I might call her that some day and then drop the Miss. One thing is clear. If I meet that cousin again, he'll show me no quarter. So I must look out for him and that assassin of an overseer, too. She called him by his right name, the brave little girl! No need of asking me to come back, for I'd go to the ends of the earth to see her again."

If he had known how her presence of mind and swift action had in all probability saved his life, his feelings would have been far more vivid, while his belief in the luck of throwing an old shoe would have become one of the tenets of his faith. Miss Lou went after the extemporized missile and put it on again, saying, "I have fired my first and last shot in this war."

"It is indeed becoming doubtful on which side you are," answered her uncle sternly.

"I'm not on the side of that wretch Perkins. Suppose he had succeeded, and Lieutenant Scoville's general came here, what mercy could we expect? If Perkins values his life he had better not be caught."

"I am glad indeed, Louise, that you prevented such a thing from happening," said Mrs. Whately. "The result might have been very disastrous, and in any event would have been horrible. It was a brave, sensible thing to do, and you will find that Madison will think so, too."

Mad Whately, however, was in anything but a judicial mood.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GIRL'S APPEAL.

MISS LOU was too well acquainted with her cousin not to recognize evidences of almost ungovernable rage during the brief moment he had paused at the veranda. She looked significantly at his mother, whose face was pale and full of an apprehension now uncalled for, since the prospect of an immediate battle had passed away. "She is afraid of him herself, her own son, and yet she would marry me to him," the girl thought bitterly.

Miss Lou was mistaken. Her aunt had fears only for her son, knowing how prone he was to rash, headlong action when almost insane from passion. The girl, however, was elated and fearless. She justly exulted in the act by which she had baffled the vengeance of Perkins and she had ceased to have the anxieties of a bitter Southern partisan. Such she would have been but for her alienation from those identified with the cause. She was capable of the most devoted loyalty, but to whom should she give it? If a loving father or brother had been among the Confederates there would have been no question. Now she was sorely perplexed in her feelings, for the South was represented by those bent upon doing her a wrong at which her very soul revolted, and the North by one who had satisfied her sense of right and justice, who, more than all, had warmed her heart by kindness. The very friendliness of the negroes inclined her to take their part almost involuntarily, so deep was the craving of her chilled nature for sympathy. If

she had been brought up in loving dependence she would not have been so well equipped for the chaotic emergency. Having no hope of good counsel from natural advisers, she did not waste a moment in seeking it or weakly hesitate for its lack. What her bright, active mind suggested as right and best, that she was ready to do instantly. Now that she had gained freedom she would keep it at all hazards.

When the Confederate officers approached the house, she was glad to observe that her cousin was not chief in command.

Mr. Baron went down upon the lawn to meet the officers, and, after a brief parley, Major Brockton, the senior in command, began to dispose of his men for a little rest and refreshment, promising to join the family soon in the dining-room. Miss Lou, unasked, now aided in the preparations for the morning meal. Fearing Aun' Suke would get herself in trouble, she ran to the kitchen and told the old cook to comply with all demands as best she could. She had scarcely spoken when Mrs. Baron entered. Casting a severe look on her niece, she asked Aun' Suke, "Will you obey me now? Will you tell me you are a free woman now?"

"My haid in a whirl aready, misus. Ef you wants me ter I kin cook, but I cyant keep track ob de goins on."

"I can," replied the indomitable old lady, "and I can keep a good memory of the behavior of all on the plantation."

"You can't govern much longer by fear, aunt," said Miss Lou. "Had you not better try a little kindness?"

"What has been the result of all the years of kindness bestowed upon you?" was the indignant answer.

"I only meant that it might be well to bestow a little of what other people regard as kindness. I had asked Aun' Suke to do her best and am sure she will."

"It will be strange if she does, when you are setting the example of doing your worst. But I am mistress once more, and wish no interference."

"Don' you worry, honey, 'bout we yuns," said Aun' Suke quietly. "We yeard de soun' fum far away, en we year it agin soon."

Meanwhile Mad Whately was closeted with his uncle and mother, listening with a black frown to all that had occurred.

"I tell you," exclaimed the young man, "it's as clear as the sun in the sky that she should be sent away at once—in fact, that you all should go."

"I won't go," said Mr. Baron, "neither will my wife. If the country has come to such a pass that we must die on our hearths we will die right here."

"Then with my whole authority, mother, I demand that you and my cousin go at once while opportunity still remains. The forces on both sides are concentrating here, and this house may soon be in the midst of a battle. Lou will be exposed to every chance of war. By Heaven! the girl to be my wife shall not trifle with me longer. O, mother! how could you let her walk and talk alone with that Yankee officer?"

"I tell you both you are taking the wrong course with Louise," began Mrs. Whately.

"You never spoke a truer word, aunty," said Miss Lou entering.

Stung to the quick, Whately sprang up and said sternly, "In this emergency I am the head of my family. I command you to be ready within an hour to go away with my mother. Perkins and a small guard will go with you to my cousin's house."

"Go away with that cowardly wretch, Perkins? Never!"

"You are to go away with your aunt and my mother, and you can not help yourself. Your readiness to receive attentions from a miserable Yankee cub shows how little you are to be trusted. I tell you for the honor of our house you *shall* go away. I'd shoot you rather than have it occur again."

"You silly, spoiled, passionate boy!" exclaimed Miss Lou, rendered self-possessed by the very extravagance of her cousin's anger. "Do you suppose I will take either command or counsel from one who is beside himself? Come, Cousin Mad, cool off, or you'll have some more repenting at leisure to do."

She walked quietly out of the room to the veranda just as Major Brockton was about to announce himself.

"Miss Baron, I presume," he said, doffing his hat.

"Yes, sir. Please sit down. I think we shall soon be summoned to breakfast. If the worst come to the worst," she resolved, "I can appeal to this officer for protection."

"Mother," said Whately in a choking

voice, "be ready to go the moment you have your breakfast."

His passion was so terrible that she made a feint of obeying, while he rushed out of the rear door. Perkins readily entered into the plan and gave Whately further distorted information about Miss Lou's recent interview with Scoville. Mrs. Whately's horses were quickly harnessed to her carriage and Perkins drove it near to the back entrance to the mansion.

As Whately entered his mother put her hand on his arm and warned, "Madison, I fear you are all wrong——"

"Mother, I will be obeyed at once. The carriage is ready. My own men, who have been paroled, will act as escort. Lou shall go if taken by force."

"Madison, what can you hope from a wife won by such violence?"

"She will fear and obey me the rest of her life. I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than be balked after what she has said. Come, let's go through the form of breakfast and then I shall act."

They found Miss Lou with her uncle, aunt, and Major Brockton already at the table. The Major at once resumed his condolences. "I am very sorry indeed," he said, "that you ladies are compelled to leave your home."

"Do you think it wisest and best that we should?" asked Mrs. Whately quickly, hoping that her niece would feel the force of the older officer's decision.

"Yes, madam, I do. I think that the sooner you all are south of our advance the better. It is possible that a battle may take place on this very ground, although I hope not. As soon as my men have had something to eat I shall follow the Yankees, a course I trust that will bring on the action elsewhere, but this region will probably become one of strife and turmoil for a time. It won't last long, however, and if the house is spared I think you can soon return."

Mrs. Baron poured the coffee and then excused herself. A few moments later Miss Lou, who was very observant, noted a significant glance from Zany. As the dusky waitress started ostensibly for the kitchen, and the young girl immediately followed her, Whately hesitated a moment or two, then left the breakfast room also. But Zany had had time to whisper:

"O Miss Lou, Miss Whately's keridge's at de do', en Perkins en sogers wid it. Ole Miss in yo room en——"

"Quit that," said Whately in a low, stern voice, and Zany scuttled away.

"Now, then," resumed Whately to his cousin, "if you have any dignity or sense left, get ready at once. I can tell you that I'm far past being trifled with now."

"I'll finish my breakfast first, if you please," was the quiet response, so quiet that he was misled, and imagined her will breaking before his purpose.

They were scarcely seated at the table again before she startled them all by saying, "Major Brockton, I appeal to you as a Southern gentleman and a Southern officer, for protection."

"Why, Miss Baron!" exclaimed the major, "you fairly take away my breath."

"Little wonder, sir. I have had mine taken away."

"Louise, you are insane!" cried Mr. Baron, starting up.

"Major, you can see for yourself that I am not insane, that I have perfect self-control. As you are a true man I plead with you not to let my cousin send me away. He can only do so by force, but I plead with you not to permit it. If I must I will tell you all, but I'd rather not. I am an orphan and so have sacred claims on every true man, and I appeal to you. I do not fear any battle that may be fought here, but I do fear being sent away, and with good reason."

"O Louise," cried Mrs. Whately, with scarlet face, "you place us in a horrible position."

"Not in so horrible a one as I have been placed, and which I will not risk again, God is my witness."

Major Brockton looked very grave, for he was acquainted with Whately's recklessness. The young man himself was simply speechless from rage, but Mr. Baron sprung up and said sternly, "You shall hear the whole truth, sir. It can be quickly told, and then you can judge whether I, as guardian, am capable of countenancing anything unwarranted by the highest sense of honor. This girl, my niece, has been virtually betrothed to her cousin since childhood. I and her aunts deemed it wisest and safest, in view of dangers threatening the direst evils, that she should be married at once and escorted

by my sister and her son to the house of a relative residing further south. First and last, we were considering her interests, and above all, her safety. That's all."

"No, it is not all," cried Miss Lou, with a passionate pathos in her voice which touched the major's heart. "Would you, sir, force a girl, scarcely more than a child, to marry a man when you knew that she would rather die first? Safety! What would I care for safety after the worst had happened? I will not be married like a slave girl. I will not go away to Lieutenant Whately's relations unless I am taken by force."

"Great God, sir, that I should hear a Southern girl make such an appeal," said Major Brockton, his face dark with indignation. "We are justly proud of the respect we show to our women, and who more entitled to respect than this orphan girl, scarcely more than a child, as she says herself. Good Heaven! Whately, could you not have protected your cousin as you would your sister? You say, sir" (to Mr. Baron) "that she was betrothed from childhood. She didn't betroth herself in childhood, did she? Believe me, Miss Baron, no one has the power to force you into marriage, although your kindred should use all means, while you are so young, to prevent an unworthy alliance."

"I had no thought of marriage, sir, until terrified by my cousin's purpose and my family's urgency but a day since. I am willing to pay them all respect and deference if they will treat me as if I had some rights and feelings of my own. My only wish is a little of the freedom which I feel a girl should enjoy when as old as I am. I detest and fear the man whom my cousin has selected to take me away. I do not fear a battle. They all can tell you that I stood on the piazza when bullets were flying. I only ask and plead that I may stay in such a home as I have. My old mammy is here and——"

"Well," ejaculated the major, "have you no stronger tie than that of a slave mammy in your home?"

"I do not wish to be unjust, sir. I try to think my aunt and uncle mean well by me, but they can't seem to realize that I have any rights whatever. As for my cousin, he has always had what he wanted, and now he wants me."

"That is natural enough; but let him win you, if he can, like a Southern gentleman. Lieutenant Whately, I order you to your duty. Mr. Baron, if you wish to send your ladies away and go with them, I will furnish an escort. Any Southern home beyond the field of hostilities will be open to you. Acquaint me with your decision," and he bowed and strode away.

Even the most prejudiced and blind are compelled at times by an unhesitating and impartial opinion to see things somewhat in their true light. Long-cherished purposes and habits of thought in regard to Miss Lou, then panic, and strong emotions mixed with good and evil, had brought the girl's relatives into their present false relations to her. After the scene at the attempted wedding, Mrs. Whately would have returned to safe and proper ground, hoping still to win by kindness and coaxing. She had learned that Miss Lou was not that kind of a girl, who more or less reluctantly could be urged into marriage and then make the best of it as a matter of course. This fact only made her the more eager for the union, because by means of it she hoped to secure a balance wheel for her son. But the blind, obstinate persistence on the part of the Barons in their habitual attitude toward their niece, and now her son's action, had placed them all in a most humiliating light. Even Mr. Baron, who had always been so infallible in his autocratic ways and beliefs, knew not how to answer the elderly major. Whately himself, in a revulsion of feeling common to his nature, felt that his cousin had been right, and that a miserable space for repentance was before him, not so much for the wrong he had purposed, as for the woful unwisdom of his tactics and their ignominious failure. His training as a soldier led him to obey without a word.

Miss Lou was magnanimous in her victory. "Cousin Madison," she said earnestly, "why don't you end this wicked nonsense and act like a cousin? As such I have no ill-will toward you, but I think you and uncle must now see I'll stop at nothing that will keep me from becoming your wife. There's no use of trying to make me think I'm wrong in my feelings, for I now believe every true man would side with me. Be my cousin and friend and I will give you my hand here and now in good-will."

But his anger was too strong to permit any such sensible action, and he rushed away without a word.

"Madison!" called his mother. "Oh, I'm just overwhelmed," and she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Well," said Mr. Baron in a sort of dreary apathy, "do you and Louise wish to go away under an escort furnished by the major?"

"No," cried Mrs. Whately, "I would accept any fate rather than favor at his hands. If I could only explain to him more fully—yet how can I? My son, with all his faults, is all I have to live for. I shall stay near him while I can, for he will be reckless to-day. My heart is just breaking with forebodings. Oh, why couldn't you, with your gray hairs, have shown a little wisdom in helping me restrain him?"

"I reckon the restraining should have been practiced long ago," replied her brother irritably.

"You have practiced nothing but restraint in the case of Louise, and what is the result?"

The girl looked at them wonderingly in their abject helplessness, and then said, "If you are taking it for granted that I am spoiled beyond remedy, I can't help it. I would have made no trouble if you had not set about making me trouble without end. As soon as I can I'll go away and take care of myself."

"Of course, Louise," said Mrs. Whately, "we're all wrong, you as well as the rest of us. We must try to get this snarl untangled and begin right. The idea of your going away!"

"I supposed that was the only idea," said Mrs. Baron, entering. "I, at least, have tried to remedy our niece's perverseness by getting her things ready."

Mrs. Whately wrung her hands in something like despair, while Miss Lou burst into a peal of half-nervous laughter at the expression on her uncle's face. "Well," she said, "there'll be no more trouble as far as I am concerned unless it's of your own making. If I am protected in my home, I shall stay, if not, I shall leave it. One learns fast in such ordeals as I have passed through. Aunt Sarah, your son threatened to shoot me for doing what you permitted. Suppose I had told Major Brockton that? I

made allowances for Madison's passion, but unless he learns to control himself he will have to vent his passion on some one else."

"She has just lost her senses," gasped Mrs. Baron.

"No, we have acted as if we had lost ours," said Mrs. Whately, rising with dignity. "I can't reason with either of you any more, for you have made up your minds that a spade is not a spade. I shall tell my niece that hereafter I shall treat her kindly and rationally, and then go home," and she

left husband and wife confronting each other.

"What are you going to do?" asked the wife.

"Do!" exploded the husband in desperation, "why, hump myself and restore everything in a twinkling as it was five years ago. What else can I do?"

Even Mrs. Baron was speechless at this admission that events had now passed far beyond his control.

(*To be continued.*)

OSKALOOSA.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"In Oskaloosa, Kansas, all the City Officers from the Mayor down are Women."—*Exchange.*

HAVE you heard of that feminine *ruse*—a
New plan to keep evils at bay,
In the Kansas town called Oskaloosa,
Where the women have absolute sway?

No man has a chance to get "high" there,
Or "smile" with a friend and a glass;
In no brawling row will you die there,
For nothing like that comes to pass.

'Tis a wonderful place. This idea
The world in its progress must mark;
For they say (as it is in Corea)
All the men are kept in after dark.

Of course while the women are ruling,
The men rock the cradle and sew;
Darn the stockings and manage the school-
ing,
And do what they nowhere else do.

The cooking they daily attend to,
Scrub often, have everything shine;
Make beds, sweep, and house-clean, and
mend, too;
But may not drink whisky or wine,

Nor punch nor French brandy, nor *any* rum,
But milk, and, perhaps, lemonade;
'Tis a short cut to bring the Millennium,
And make the "Old Nick" sore afraid.

I wonder, when courting is done there,
If the maidens are courted, or choose.
A bachelor well might be won there—
How could he a maiden refuse?

Oh, girls of renowned Oskaloosa,
Why will you not rise and explain?
Does a fellow slip into the noose—a
Meek captive for you to retain?

Famed city of fem'nine direction,
Is it pleasant your vassal to be?
Your scheme wears so strange a com-
plexion
I dare not go out there to see.

I admit you might charm and impress us
So much we could never come back;
But if ruled in a way to distress us,
We should say then—*A-lass* and *A-lack!*

THE BLACK AND WHITE PRIESTS OF RUSSIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEROY-BEAULIEU.

BY STANLEY MCKENNA.

THE priests in Russia are an interesting, if not always an attractive study. They form an exclusive and distinct class among the peoples of that unhappy land, and are subdivided into two different classes. These separate and frequently rival bodies are the priests and the monks, the secular and parochial fathers, and the regular and monastic, and are known among the faithful under the general titles of the "Black Priests" and the "White Priests." The fundamental difference between these two branches of the church is marriage. In most other things they are chips off the same block. The "Black Priest" is sworn to celibacy, the white has his better half. As tradition has imposed a life of single-blessedness on the bishops, the Episcopacy has remained a monopoly in the hands of the monks.

There are at this moment in the empire of the Czar about five hundred and fifty convents, containing something like eleven thousand monks and eighteen thousand nuns, probably a little more or less than twenty-nine thousand persons. The tendency of the establishments sheltering nuns has been to increase in population, while that of the monks has been observed to remain stationary. The preservation of their convents, the service in the churches, the singing of the long offices of the Greek rite, is the principal occupation of the Russian monks or "Black Priests." Mental or manual labor holds but a small place in their lives. According to the usages in Greek convents the novitiate merely consists in the service of the more aged monks, and the only thing taught the lay brother is the routine of the monastic life and obedience.

The Russian monasteries have, for the most part, lost their lands, but they have for ages preserved a wealth of gold and silver ornaments utterly unknown to similar communities in other countries. Pearls and precious stones cover the church and altar decorations, and their sacred vessels and

images positively blaze with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and gems of the rarest hue and size. These treasures belong to the saints; the monks are simply the guardians of them, and they live poor, often wanting bread in the midst of vast riches. The land, however, was only the least part of the fortune or revenue of the monasteries. Many possessed funds outside it that the superiors placed to the very best advantage. Some years ago it was said that the convent of Solovetsk lost six hundred thousand roubles by the bankruptcy of Skopine. Several other convents of both sexes suffered by the same sinister financier. Money matters, and especially the proper disposition of their savings, is one of the chief cares of the religious houses in Russia, as it is, indeed, elsewhere. Although complaints are rare on this head, from time to time facts come to the surface which abundantly show the ends to which some of the heads of houses will go to enrich their homes. Under Alexander the Second, the Abbess Metrophanie allowed herself to be drawn into a series of criminal practices in the effort to enrich the community over which she presided. This lady belonged to one of the most distinguished families in the Empire, had been a maid of honor attached to the Empress, and a great favorite at court, and yet was found guilty of forgery and other crimes by a jury in Moscow, and sent to prison. Although condemned by the tribunal, the abbess preserved the veneration of her admirers. To them her charity was her only offense, and her punishment a martyrdom.

The main source of revenue of the Russian convents is the offerings. It springs from all parts of the country and goes on increasing from year to year. The greater number of the famous relics and images belong to the convents, and there the pilgrims flock and leave their presents. The railroads, the emancipation of the serfs, and other facilities, moral and material, given to the moujik have prodigiously developed and

increased the pilgrimages. Some twenty years ago Kiev was suddenly increased by the visit of two hundred thousand pilgrims. To-day the number of pious visitors to the catacombs of Petchersk is four and five times greater than it was at that period. Kiev has become the chief shrine of the Christian world, if not of the globe, outdoing even Rome. In 1886 the holy city of Dnieps received one million pilgrims, each of whom bought a candle and left an obolus.

At Saint Serge, as at Petchersk, the crowd is so great that on many occasions there are not enough of candles. The monks of Troitsa have frequently resold five times hand running the same candles to pilgrims come to pray at the shrine of the Holy Serge. The sale of crosses and images is another fountain of income. These pious souvenirs are sold to the people at a profit of from one to two hundred per cent. There is, besides, the product of the masses said at all hours, and the *Te Deums*, and the requiems sung in front of the shrine of Serge. There are also the hotels and eating-houses attached to the great convents where the visitors and pilgrims lodge and eat and leave something for their entertainment at parting. So that it is easily seen the monks have fair opportunities of gathering in a trifle for a rainy day.

Beside or beneath the "Black Priests" come the "White Priests"—the secular and married priests. These have been established for a long time in a sort of hereditary corporation, and although the walls of caste have been officially torn down, they still continue to form a sort of tribe of Levi. So much so indeed that, even to-day, so rigidly have they adhered to the old customs, you only meet in the seminaries the sons and daughters of the priests. There are establishments for the daughters as well as for the sons of the priests, and the inmates of the ecclesiastical schools of every kind, rectors, professors, students, are drawn from the sons and daughters of the priests. The seminaries and academies of theology are established less for the young men who wish to enter the priesthood than for those who issue from it.

Many of the sons of the priests, it is true, merely pass through the seminary course and then enter civil life. Others, intending to follow in the footsteps of their fathers,

come out unbelievers. If this condition of things is to be found elsewhere, it is nowhere so frequent as in Russia; and this apparent anomaly is in part explained by the long régime followed in the seminaries, the moral rigor and physical privations inflicted on the students. The rod is the rule of punishment notwithstanding the law, and its use is said to be severe and frequent. Badly fed, insufficiently clad, imbibed by suffering, knowing little more of religion than the tedious practice, the students acquire an aversion for their teachers, and their vocation, society, and the church. The ecclesiastical academies are not much better. The theological students make no scruple to frequent the saloons in the neighborhood. It frequently happens that some of those same young theologians are brought home from the same shops dead drunk. In the language of the schools that is called "the translation of the relics." At one period the reputation of those houses was so bad that the police were compelled to have recourse to a sort of press to fill them from among the sons of the priests.

The professors, poorly paid, ill-treated by their monastic superiors, are as miserable and discontented as the students. Consequently, it is not astonishing that the Russian seminaries have been for a long time a nursery of radicalism. The studies in these schools and seminaries are not what is supposed by people unacquainted with the facts. In few countries is the knowledge demanded from the priest so varied. He must know the Slav liturgy, Latin, some Greek, French, or German, at his choice; geometry, algebra, physics, botany, and a little medicine and history, philosophy and theology. Poverty, not ignorance, is the great complaint among the Russian priests. The parochial is not salaried, or at least is only so after a fashion. Probably not more than a third receive state aid, and what they get is never enough to keep them. The resources, then, of the "White Priests," like their half brothers in the convents, are derived from the religious ceremonies. There are in almost every parish from two to four families who live by the altar. All these people might find in them a sufficient income, if they received the takings of each church, but they don't; a large share goes to the bishop of the diocese and the general synod.

In the orthodox churches, both Greek and

Russian, one of the most regular branches of revenue that procured from the sale of candles.

The orthodox believers, who usually pray standing, rarely enter the house of God without buying at the door a little wax candle, which they leave in the church, or burn before an image. The devout light several at a time before the images of numerous saints. The priests are very particular about the purity of the wax of which the candles are made, and the greatest care is taken that none but the finest shall be used. Fifty millions of kilogrammes are consumed every year in the manufacture of candles, and the priests make all their own. Many bishops have their factories also, and more than one convent is similarly equipped. The priest and his family being obliged to live by the altar, it is readily understood that they have to turn everything into money, and that none of the ceremonies or sacraments of the church are gratuitous. Confession and communion were made free by a decree of the Holy Synod in 1887, who forbade the people to put money in the priest's hand after confession, or to put it on the table after communion. To replace the funds sacrificed by that decree, the Holy Synod ordered that boxes be placed in the churches to receive the offerings of the penitents who went to make their devotions. This measure was first applied in Moscow in 1887, during Holy Week, when it was expected that the receipts would be large. The contrary was the result. When the boxes were opened it was found that many pious souls had put in buttons, spurious coins and bits of paper, in place of gold and silver coins and bank-notes.

Although the people are forever in need of the services of the priest, they pay him but poorly. For the highest ceremonies he receives one or two roubles, and for the smallest and most frequent a few kopecks. The priest and the monk being both poor, it is no uncommon sight to see them bargaining for a marriage or a burial, and disputing the price as they dispute only in Russia. From that all sorts of anecdotes have sprung. On one occasion it was a priest, who to be revenged on a father for his avarice, gave the child a ridiculous name at baptism. On another, a peasant asked his minister for permission to get married in another parish. "Very good," said the priest, "but have

you calculated what your doing so will cost me? Now, in the first place I would have married you. Well, that is so many roubles. Then, you will have children, say seven; that would be seven baptisms. Next, several of those children would die, say three; that would be three burials in my pocket. After that you would have sons or daughters to marry, say four; that would be four marriages I should lose." "Yes, that's very well counted up," replied the moujik; "but you are already an old man, and you might be dead long before all that could happen." "That's true," returned the priest; "we are all mortal, and for that reason I forbid you to leave the parish, and I shall only ask you ten roubles for your marriage."

Ajanasief relates a story of a priest who refused to celebrate the funeral services over a poor woman. Not knowing what to do, but trusting to chance, or a change of heart in the priest, the husband went out and dug the grave. In turning up the earth he discovered a treasure, and carried a gold piece to the priest for his services. The prayers were no sooner over than the pastor, entirely changed in manner and disposition, with much urbanity assisted at the mortuary repast, where he ate and drank like three people. The magnificence of the banquet, however, so astonished the priest that he interrogated the man, and adjured him to confess his sin, for he felt sure the monks could not have come by such a feast honestly. "You have killed some merchant," said the priest, "and stolen his gold." "No," replied the moujik, "I have discovered a treasure, and it is all mine." The priest being defeated in his first movement, determined on a second to get possession of the find of his parishioner. He decided on frightening him out of it. He went home and consulted his wife, and they agreed that the only way to thoroughly alarm the moujik would be for the priest to appear before him as the devil. Accordingly he wrapped himself up in a goat's skin and tumbled in upon the moujik in the middle of the night. The stratagem succeeded, and the peasant delivered up his money. In carrying it off, however, the priest found that the skin had stuck to him so tightly that he could not take it off. In his efforts to do so he was discovered and robbed, and subsequently exposed in the community.

The bishops try to moderate the avarice of their priests, and not infrequently administer edifying lessons. Here is one of the kind that can be vouched for by many persons. A poor woman went to see Monseigneur Dmitri, then Archbishop of Fould, to beg of him to advance her two roubles. The prelate, whose charity was well known, could not find them about him, or in his house, and was quite puzzled what to do for the money. At last he went back to the room in which he had left the woman and said: "What do you want to do with these two roubles, my good woman?" "My husband is dead," replied the woman, "and I wish to have prayers said in the church for the repose of his soul, and the priest demands two roubles for the interment." "I can't lend you the money to-day," said the bishop, "but I will conduct the funeral services to-morrow over the body of the defunct." He kept his word, to the consternation of the priest, and the pride and joy of the poor woman. The service over, the bishop, instead of reproaching the priest, handed him two roubles. "Take these," said he; "you are not like me; you have no salary; you are dependent on the receipts of the altar to live, and I suppose it is often not enough." "Never," replied the priest, as he pocketed the two roubles.

The first care of a priest on taking possession of a parish is to look into the profits of the setting, or, as it is called, the "Casual." About two years ago a young priest of the diocese of Volhynie had been appointed to the parish of the district of Rovno. Having heard that it was a poor parish, with very little hope of making it any richer, he wrote to the archbishop, soliciting a more lucrative one. Monseigneur Palladius admitted that the parish was a poor one, and that the young ecclesiastic was right, but on the margin of the request he wrote before he returned it: "The petitioner requests to be sent to a richer parish than the one to which he has been called, but to obtain it he must prove himself worthy of it. The pursuit of worldly goods but ill accords with the mission of the priest, and the petitioner would do well to seek his desires outside of the holy office."

The pecuniary exigencies of the priests are so well known that in many countries they constitute a serious obstacle to the

progress of the orthodox faith. "The Russian religion is too dear," said some natives of Siberia to the missionaries. "The priest is too greedy," said the Kaskoniks; "the sacraments are too expensive"—and these material considerations have not been strangers to the success of foreign sects in recent times. The students above all have been gaining remarkable headway. Many a moujik has come to persuade himself of the inutility of the sacraments, after a dispute with a priest about the price of a ceremony. The annoying success of the sect of Sou-taief is almost entirely due to this state of affairs. The floods, the drought, the plague, the epidemics, are the accidents of life, and the seasons are so many occasions of profits for the priest. I have seen the priest successively bless the melons of each peasant; sometimes when the desired result is not obtained, the prayers of the church return against its ministers. The moujik accuses them of having furnished him with bad prayers, delivered them carelessly or without fervor, or of having loosely accomplished the sacred rites. In a commune of the government of Voronéje, as the drought continued beyond all precedent, and longer than the peasants thought it should, they determined to throw the priest into the river, and only that rain came at that moment they would probably have carried out their charitable intention toward the father. Ordinarily it is only for the witches that this supreme argument is reserved; but between the magician and the priest, between the incantations of the one and the invocations of the other, the obscure intelligence of the moujik is not always able to draw the line. Besides, the priest and the sorcerer offer him pretty nearly the same kind of help, on analogous conditions. The poverty of the priest compels him to lend himself to practices but little in accord with the dignity of the church, and not infrequently renders him the accomplice of popular superstitions. It is this that has so long perpetuated the custom of carrying prayers in a hat for a woman in labor. The peasant holds his furred cap (chapka) so that the priest can recite his "oremus" in it; the prayer said, he closes the cap carefully so as to let none of it escape.

He carries it thus intact to the invalid, upon whose head he pours it all over,

shaking well his chapka as he does so, with great confidence in the relief it will bring.

It must not be supposed that these weaknesses take away from the humble rural priest every sentiment of his high and holy mission. He celebrates the rites of the church with a consciousness of their moral and religious value, and is ordinarily faithful to what may be termed the duties of his calling. The priest with the vulgar manner, the narrow horizon, the simple ways, knows on occasion how to find consolations for the sick and exhortation for the dying. He has the secret of the language that ought to be spoken to the rude and ignorant. Then he is near the people, by the same attributes, the same defects even, and for that reason knows how to make himself understood by them. The priests of the new generation, more learned, more reserved, more sober, are not always those who inspire the most confidence in the moujik. He frequently prefers the priest of the old type, with his good nature, his coarseness, and his vices, which are those of the moujik. "I know that he gets drunk," said a peasant of his priest; "but he is a good Christian, and

he is never tipsy on Saturday or Sunday morning." A half-peasant during the week, the poor priest becomes a minister of God on assuming the chasuble and the epitrochelon. The mysterious virtue of religion carries him beyond his mean routine, and lifts him, for an hour, to the summit of his divine functions.

And hard and rude is the exercise of those same functions of the priest in the Russian parishes. In that terrible climate where the winters are so long and severe, and the distances so enormous, the courage and endurance of the priests as well as their faith are put to tests unknown in other lands. To carry the extreme unction across those unsheltered plains to an invalid, or confess a dying person, little short of heroism is required in certain seasons and some regions, and that heroism is practiced every day, without a word or sign. Many a poor priest has been surprised by a storm on a winter's night, and left a helpless houseful of little ones at home. To fortify himself for the journey he probably drank a big glass of vodka before setting out, and the next day his wife and children have found his body in the snow.

SEHENSUCHT.

(RONDEAU.)

BY EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND.

THE spring's unrest the blossom swells,
'Tis in the wistful winds confessed,
And deep in hearts of men it dwells—

The spring's unrest.

It wakes anew the old, sweet quest
Of secrets summer never tells,
In dreams alone made manifest.
How strong the magic of these spells,
That breathe from earth's awakening breast!
Not even thy touch, dear love, dispels
The spring's unrest.

THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

BY WONG CHIN FOO.



HINATOWN is the most interesting corner of the "Melican man's" metropolis—the little world composed of every variety of Christians, heathen, Irishmen, and other savages. The cosmopolitan tendency of New York is rapidly developing little foreign cities, and even nations and empires within our water-walls. Every one knows the French, German, and Irish districts. The Italian province has already been described in this magazine. There is also Little Spain in the Spanish quarters. Little Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Russia, Africa, and Malaysia, each have their own national civilizations brought here with them. But most interesting of all to Americans is Little Hong Kong, partly because it is only a recent institution, and largely because the Chinese are the exact antipodes of this continent, in customs and ideas as well as geographically. The Chinaman wears white for

mourning, writes perpendicularly, places his family name first, does all things as his great-grandfathers did, and in the eyes of a Yankee reverses everything generally, even to the extent of being peaceable, long-suffering, and polite.

The Chinese did not begin to show themselves to any extent in New York until the year 1872. Prior to that China was represented only by a few sailors and cigar peddlers living on Cherry Street and about Franklin Square. There was no Chinese laundry, grocery, nor even a fantan shop. They began to come rapidly from the time of the opening of the great Chinese laundry at Belleville, N. J., where its American proprietors placed one hundred and fifty Mongolians in charge of the tubs and flat-irons. These did well financially, notwithstanding the constant bombardment of the institution by over-generous Christians who knew nothing about the washing business, and yet wanted the job. Many of the Chinamen, not understanding the true character of such labor demonstrations, thought that the American shirt wearers were simply wild with enthusiasm over their skillful work, and were complimenting them by serenades. They wrote loving and glowing letters to their brothers and cousins in far-off Hong Kong that there were "millions in the laundry business" in New York, only waiting for the enterprising Chinamen to come and take them.

Their cousins and other relatives came so rapidly that in a few years nearly every street and avenue in New York became filled with Chinese laundries, and the flaming red signs of Wah Sing, One Lung, and Goon Hi Fa Toy dangled gloriously in great numbers.

Whatever may be the general opinion concerning the injustice of the anti-Chinese bill, which has cut short this tide of immigration, there is no doubt that the ten thousand Chinamen here are strongly in favor of it, for it has given them a close monopoly of the industry which they created. Once it was something of an aristocratic luxury for an Occidental dudeto wear polished shirt-bosoms or glossy collars, because there were no convenient wash-houses, or because his Irish laundry lady was on a "spree." But since the appearance of "John" even the cheapest tramps (anarchists excepted) can afford the indulgence. There are probably a little over two thousand such laundries in the city of New York alone, some eight hundred or nine hundred in Brooklyn, and about one hundred and fifty in Jersey City (mosquito land, as Chinamen call it). Each laundry has from one to five men working in it, and they all make money.

The question has frequently been asked by Americans, "Do these Chinamen wash clothes in China? How is it that nearly all who come here enter the laundry business? Do they love it?"

No, they do not love it any more than any other kind of labor. They did not even know what the "Melican man's" shirt looked like, much less how to dress one, before they came to America. Laundry work in China is invariably done by women, and when a man steps into a woman's occupation he loses his social standing.

They become laundrymen here simply because there is no other occupation by which they can make money as surely and quickly. The prejudice against the race has much to do with it. They are fine cooks, neat and faithful servants, and above all, very skillful mechanics at any trade they have a mind to try. In the Western States, where their value is better understood, they are used in as many different positions as any other foreigners, and the laundry business is occupied only by those who fail to find other employment.

But here in New York as yet there is no other alternative. Many an able-minded man as well as skillful mechanic who came to America to better his condition may be found wielding the polishing-irons in a New York Chinese laundry. It takes from seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars to start one of these Chinese wash-houses, and the way most of these laundries are started would give valuable tips even to an American Wall Street deacon.

The main expenditure in a Chinese laundry is a stove and a trough for washing, and partitions for dry-room and sleeping apartment, and a sign.

As a rule it requires one hundred dollars to open a laundry in New York. But this amount is a fortune to a newly arrived Chinaman, and unless he starts immediately into the laundry business he would become a burden to some of his friends. The Chinese immigrant, unlike his European compatriots, never comes here unless he is safely surrounded by friends or relatives upon his arrival. These immediately initiate him into the mysteries of the laundry business. In some friendly laundry the newcomer is placed under a six months' apprenticeship, beginning at the wash-tub, until he reaches

the ironing-table, and lastly the polishing-board. These apprentices begin with three dollars per week and board, and a gradual addition of a dollar extra per week after the first months, until they are able to take charge of a laundry themselves.

Then if he has money he hires a place and hangs out his sign. If not, he goes to one or two friends, and they will call a "whey" or syndicate for his benefit in the following manner:

Suppose I have an established laundry, and want to borrow two hundred dollars at a certain per centum premium, but I can not find any one Chinaman who is able to loan me the amount. I put up a notice in Mott Street that upon such and such a day I wish to make a "whey" of twenty men, who all are supposed to be situated like myself, each wanting to borrow two hundred dollars. When we twenty borrowers all come together, we each put down ten dollars. Then each one secretly writes upon a slip of paper the amount of interest he is willing to give to get the two hundred dollars. These slips are carefully sealed and thrown into a bowl. At a given time they are opened, and to the highest bidder goes the two hundred dollars, less the interest, which is invariably deducted immediately from the principal.

Frequently as high as four dollars is offered for the use of ten dollars for a single month. In such cases each of the nineteen other borrowers gives to the lucky one only six dollars apiece for the ten dollars apiece which they make him pay next month. Then the next highest bidder gets the two hundred dollars, less the interest he offered, and so on, until the entire twenty, at twenty different times, have obtained the use of this two hundred dollars; but the one that comes the last, having offered the least interest of them all, reaps the harvest of the "whey." This method is adopted by most Chinese laundrymen, in New York and other large cities, to open new laundries. It partakes of the gaming flavor which is captivating to every true Celestial.

No Chinaman can transfer his place of business into the hands of another without at least thirty days' notice in "Chinatown," on Mott Street, and the buyer is not required to pay him more than half of the purchase money until the legal thirty days are past. This is the laundrymen's law, made four



CHINATOWN, NEW YORK.

years ago in this city, to prevent a laundryman from absconding from his creditors. Upon the completion of the thirty days creditors and debtors must meet at the transferred laundry, and when all of the old debts are liquidated, a clear title of the laundry is given to the new owner.

Nearly all the Chinese in New York are "high livers" in diet. The poorest laundryman will have chicken or ducks at least

once a week, and these are bought alive, as Mongolians are extremely afraid of stale meats. Contrary to the general impression rats, cats, and puppies are no more commonly eaten by Chinese than by Americans. Poultry and pork are the favorite meats. Vegetables of all sorts are abundantly used; and pastries are made in an enormous variety, but always of easily digestible ingredients. They are very clean in their cooking; even the rice that they buy from Christian groceries is washed with at least seven separate waters, to make sure that no trace of un-Chinese handling remains to

make it religiously pernicious. But they all possess an unaccountable love for old hats. An ordinary Chinese laundryman will wear the same hat for ninety-nine years—if it can be kept together so long—and he would even then go into three years' mourning for it.

So long as a Chinaman continues a heathen he is generally honest; but look out for him when he once becomes "converted." He is said then to have the "devils" of two hemispheres, the shrewdness of both races, while his virtues are so confused that he finds it difficult to make use of them.

There is nothing of the clan habit among Chinamen. Indeed, had they any such civilized peculiarities, their own country would not now be ruled by a foreign race,

nor would they be the targets of lawless hoodlums. One Chinaman will stand and see another mobbed without using the least effort to save him. A Chinaman will go two blocks to deal with a foreigner who charges him ten per cent. more than his next-door kinsman, unless that countryman is a friend. In that case he is a faithful customer.

When a Chinaman has been aided in some substantial disinterested way, he never loses his attachment for his benefactor. For this reason a Chinaman makes a most faithful friend, and will readily lay down his life for his comrade. The Chinese have a superstition which is expressed in this proverb: "Heaven will not prosper those who are ungrateful." Ingratitude, to a certain degree, is a criminal offense in China. They have a saying: "Gold is but a dead treasure; but a friend, a living one." And again: "Wife is but a garment compared with one's friend. The former once dead can be replaced, but who can refill the place of a friend?"

There are now over thirty Chinese grocery

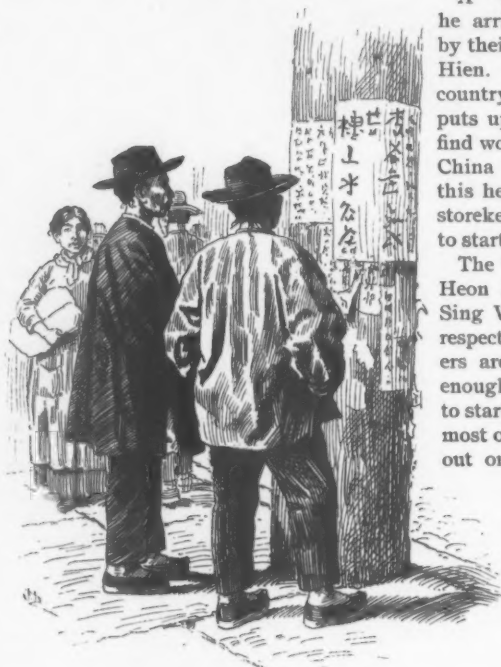
stores in the city, and most of these are in Mott Street, or in that vicinity of Mott Street called "Chinatown." Many of the capacious tenement houses occupied by these Chinese stores are owned by Chinamen; and from present indications they will eventually own all the houses now used by them. These stores import all their goods from China direct, and they depend entirely upon the laundrymen for support. Every Chinaman has his regular headquarters or store to deal with, for the following reasons:

The majority of the Chinese laundrymen came from the single province of Kwong Tung, in which there are seventy-two counties or "Hiens." Some forty or more "Hiens" are represented by the ten thousand or more Chinamen of New York and vicinity. Each "Hien" has its own colloquial dialect, which is not exactly appreciated, although understood by the men of a different "Hien." A sort of mutual strangeness and jealousy always existed between people of the different Hiens, and this is carried with them even into America.

A "Sing Ning Hien" man as soon as he arrives in New York easily finds out by their speech men of his own country or Hien. From them he finds the Sing Ning country headquarters or stores. Here he puts up for a day or two, or until he can find work. If he was in any way known in China by any of the Sing Ning men at this headquarters, he is given capital by the storekeeper for whatever business he wishes to start, to the limit of two hundred dollars.

The "Heon Shan" countrymen go to the Heon Shan store. In the same way the Sing Way and Hoc San people have their respective stores. Most of these storekeepers are old laundrymen who accumulated enough money from the washing business to start these more profitable groceries, and most of them have thousands of dollars laid out on laundries, farmed out to poor but hard-working laundrymen, who pay for their laundries upon the installment plan. There is no interest charged by these friendly storekeepers for such assistance; they simply ask the beneficiary to trade with them in their food supplies and to pay up the principal when he is ready to return to China.

It takes several thousand dollars to



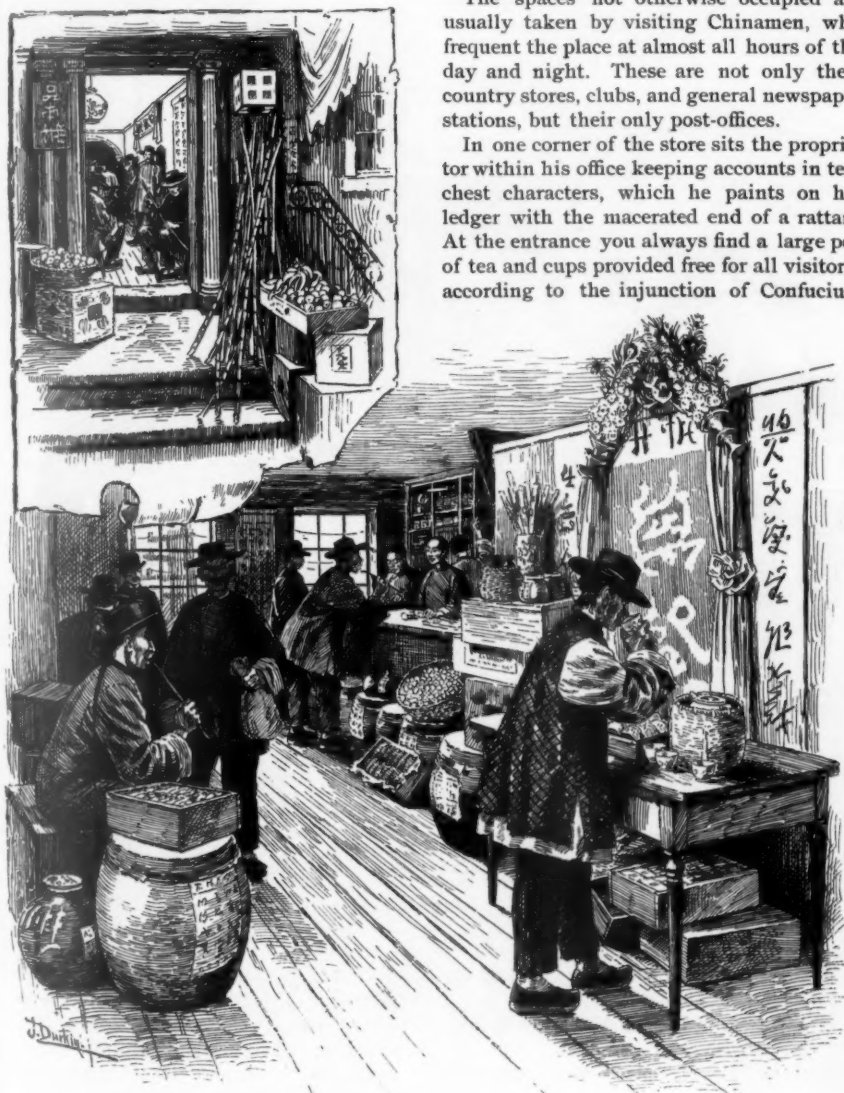
A NEWS BULLETIN.

start one of these stores or headquarters, but to the casual observer the necessity for large capital is not apparent, for it looks like a dingy den of poverty. The store is a long wooden counter, behind which are little shelves made up of square spaces and pigeon-holes, which are filled with small packages of ancient-looking wrapping papers. Each

package has a flaming red paper tag with fire-cracker letters to denote the contents. All along the walls up to the ceiling are roughly constructed shelves of various sizes, all stored with Chinese goods for laundrymen's use. Even the floors are crowded with barrels, boxes, and jars of all sizes and ages, filled with samples of Chinese imported food.

The spaces not otherwise occupied are usually taken by visiting Chinamen, who frequent the place at almost all hours of the day and night. These are not only their country stores, clubs, and general newspaper stations, but their only post-offices.

In one corner of the store sits the proprietor within his office keeping accounts in tea-chest characters, which he paints on his ledger with the macerated end of a rattan. At the entrance you always find a large pot of tea and cups provided free for all visitors, according to the injunction of Confucius,



A FRUIT VENDER'S ALLEY. YUET SING'S GROCERY.

uttered centuries before the same teaching was spoken by the Nazarene: "Whoever gives a cup of tea to a stranger, shall be in favor with the gods."

The store of Yuet Sing, at 10 Chatham Square, shown in the illustration, is a fair sample. This firm does an annual business of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars among the eight hundred Sing Ning laundries. A brief outline of materials

How Shi Lob Chong. White sausages made from deviled oysters and pork, dried.

Lob Chong. The same made from spiced pork.

How Shi. Dried oysters.



IN A RESTAURANT.

these firms keep furnishes some idea of the gastronomic habits of the Chinese :

Ob fun. Boned ducks' feet dried and wrapped up with chickens' livers.

Ham Ob. Highly spiced duck pressed in cakes.

Ob Bay. Ducks' legs in oil.

Yow Gwei. Dried cuttle-fish.

Ham yu. Dried salt fish of many kinds.

Chow Poh yu. Salted shad in oil.

Ha Mai. Shrimps.

Si Funn. Extracts from beans, some resembling the Italian vermicelli.

Wing Gnee. Wood fungi.

Whey Sum. Beach de Mars.

Yeu Woh. Birds' nests.

Choo Shuen. Bamboo shoots preserved in cans.

Whey Dyl. Corean seaweeds.

Cha Qua. Small black cucumber, the size of a child's finger, very salty (the finest pickles in the world).

Also wines and spirits made chiefly from rice, oranges, and nuts, and all kinds of Chinese vegetables and grains either dried or in large earthen air-tight barrels, so that

they could be used in America the same as in China, but ten times costlier here.

There is, perhaps, no other nation in the world that can produce as many grades and varieties of sweetmeats as the Chinese (not even the Persians, who are noted for such dainties). The Chinese upon their bill of fare have over ninety varieties of sugar-cured fruits, but only about one-third of them can be had in Chinese stores of New York. The most valuable of these are their preserved gingers and apricots, for which and for teas



A CHINESE KITCHEN.

their stores are frequently patronized by well-to-do Americans.

There are eight thriving Chinese restaurants which can prepare a Chinese dinner in New York almost with the same skill as at the famous "Dan quay Cha Yuen" (Delmonico's) of Shanghai or Canton. These places are most thronged on Sunday, when the Chinese laundrymen of New York and neighboring cities come in for a general good time.

Unlike Americans, the Chinese do not generally pay by the dishes ordered, but by the tables or spreads, called by the Chinese "Gzuh." A first-class spread includes about forty courses, and it takes two days to finish the feast. It costs fifty dollars. A second-class spread, with twenty-eight courses, costs forty dollars. A third-class spread with eighteen courses, costs twenty-five dollars. The cheapest spread contains eight courses for eight dollars. This is the lowest price for which a man can order a formal dinner in a first-class Chinese restaurant. But then the spread is made for any number of people within twelve.

If a man simply wants to eat a short meal, for himself and a friend or two, he can get ready-made dishes of fish, chicken, duck, pigs' feet, rice, tea, etc., cheaper than in any other restaurant, besides many dishes peculiar to Chinatown. The prices run from five to twenty-five cents. The foods are all chopped in small pieces, rendering knives and forks unnecessary. The Chinese table implements are chopsticks, of ebony or ivory, a tiny little tea-cup, and a porcelain spoon.

A staple dish for the Chinese gourmand is *chow chop suey*, a mixture of chickens' livers and gizzards, fungi, bamboo buds, pig's tripe, and bean sprouts stewed with spices. The gravy of this is poured into the bowl of rice with some — (the prototype of Worcestershire sauce), making a delicious seasoning to the favorite grain. The tea is made by pouring hot water over the fresh Oolong in a cup, and covering it with a small saucer to draw. Then pushing back the saucer a little, you pour off the fluid into a smaller cup, and add more hot water to the grounds again. This may be repeated five or six times, and the last cup will be nearly as strong as the first. The Chinaman always takes spirits with his meals, pouring the rice whisky into a tiny cup from a pewter pot. But he always

drinks moderately, and never apart from his meals. For this reason drunken Chinamen are very rarely seen. When a party of Chinamen sit around a table, one dish of each kind of food is served, and all pick from the same dish with the chopsticks. When there are several courses, the earlier dishes are never removed, and by the time a good dinner has been served the table is literally buried with dishes.

Most Chinese restaurants are situated upon the second or third floors. The picture given here of Hong Ping Lo's establishment, at 16 Mott Street, shows the interior of a Chinese dining-room, with the kitchen in the rear. The walls are hung with long scrolls of Chinese writings, maxims from philosophers for the entertainment of those who eat. The Chinese are well-educated people, and even the coolies who compose the laundry class are used to tournaments of poetry, debates, and other exploits in letters which in China take the place of Christian prize fights, ball matches, and horse-racing. These scrolls contain such sentences as the following:

"It is only the superior man who knows what he eats and what he drinks."

"It is here that heroes met and sages drank; why should we abstain?"

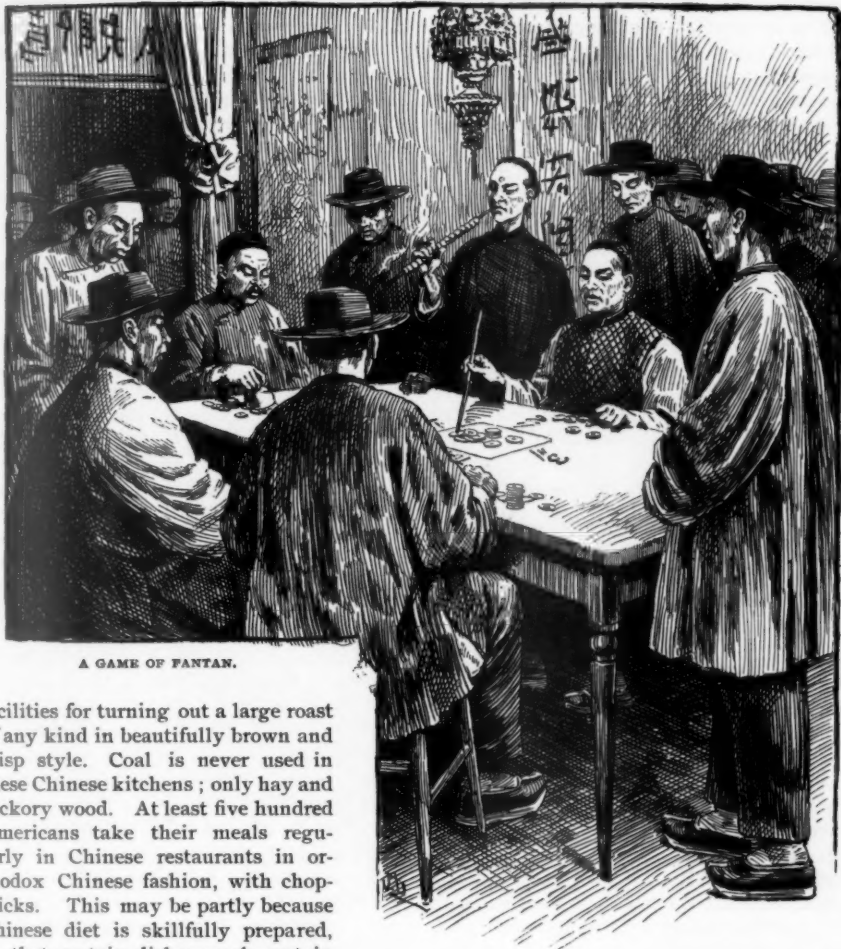
"What thy heart desireth may thy hands be able to grasp."

"May you meet one at the end of the earth and find him a brother."

Upon the ceilings dangle fantastically painted great Chinese lanterns and flower baskets that resemble bird-cages.

The rear room, which opens to plain view from the dining-room, is the kitchen, which, although overstocked with boxes, barrels, tables, and cooking utensils, is scrupulously clean. Upon the walls and ceiling of the kitchen are suspended fresh-killed ducks, chickens, and pigs. At the tables are cooks busily engaged at their work, some of them earning large salaries.

The stoves, if they can be called such, are curiosities in themselves. They are long ranges built of low, broad bricks. In the top are great pits into which are firmly built iron gridirons imported from China for frying, boiling, or steaming purposes. Two of the brick ranges have only open pits, and there are places where the whole hogs are occasionally hung upon iron bars and roasted. They provide very quick and sure



A GAME OF FANTAN.

facilities for turning out a large roast of any kind in beautifully brown and crisp style. Coal is never used in these Chinese kitchens; only hay and hickory wood. At least five hundred Americans take their meals regularly in Chinese restaurants in orthodox Chinese fashion, with chopsticks. This may be partly because Chinese diet is skillfully prepared, so that certain dishes work certain medicinal results. The hygienic functions of cooking elevate the kitchen director in China to high social status. Many of these Americans have acquired Chinese gastronomical tastes, and order dishes like Chinese mandarins; but as a rule the keepers do not cater to any other trade than Chinese, because the Chinaman frequently orders two-dollar and three-dollar dishes, while the American seldom pays more than fifty or seventy-five cents for his Chinese dinner.

There are forty *fantan* and *pack ob peoh* shops in New York. These are Chinese gambling places. Chinamen seem to have all been born Wall Street men. It is as difficult for

the police to stop Chinamen from playing their fascinating *fantan* as for the mandarins to stop the great yellow waters of the Whong Whoo (Hoang Ho) from overflowing. The Chinaman will gamble with his last cent, even if occasionally made to pay over the entire receipts of a week's ironing as a fine to the American officials. He will feel for his companions in a dark cell in the Tombs, and bet with his toes if all other conveniences are taken away. He carries on his games of chance with religious ceremonies, as if Joss had a holy hand in it, and he feels that he can not enter the heaven of the Josses unless he plays the *fantan* sincerely at least once a week

The Fantan, or "Spread and Turn Over," the most popular gambling game of the Chinese, is played by using a pile of Chinese copper coins (about four hundred of them) the size of the American two-cent piece but thinner, and with a square hole in the center. A long table about four feet high by five wide is built stationary in the center of the room, around which the betters congregate.

In the center of the table is a square tin about a foot in diameter, upon which are the slips of red paper and dominoes for chips and pointers used by the well-known gamblers who do not wish to bet with ready cash.

The numerals, both in Chinese and English, 1, 2, 3, 4, as seen in the preceding diagram, represent the correct position of the betting places upon the fantan tables.

The dealer sits upon a high stool at the head of the table, with the piles of copper coins before him. The cashier sits at the side of the table. The balance of the space around the table is reserved for players, who, on account of the height of the table, stand around it. Those in the rear stand on stools to put their money down upon the number which they expect will win. The betting begins by the dealer grasping a handful of the copper coins before him and placing them in front of the pile, under a little tin cover that resembles a teapot cover.

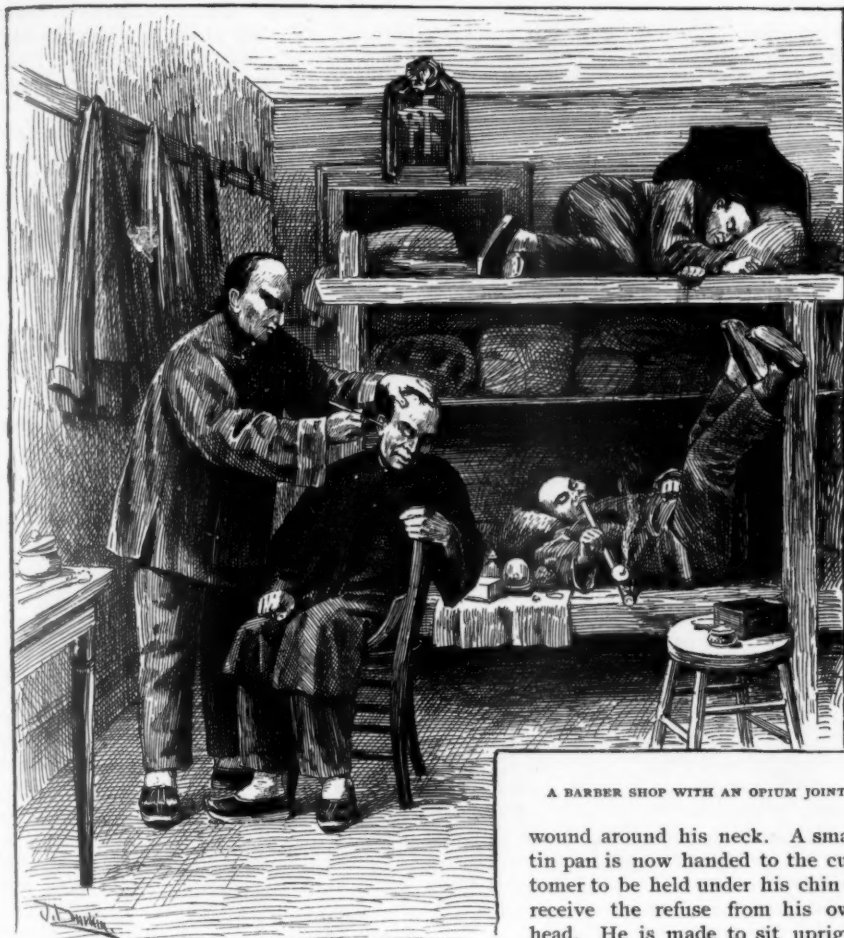
The players are required to guess the number of coins left after the handful is counted by fours. Should there be nothing left, it is of course a four. Thus, if I bet on number 3, when the cover is raised the dealer begins to count the pile, four at a time, with the point of a little rod. If three coins are left over, I win.

When you put one dollar on the number that wins, you get three times the amount, less seven per cent. commission to the table, besides your capital, or two dollars and seventy-nine cents clear profit. If the dollar is placed between two numbers, say one and two, from the success of either you win one dollar, or ninety-three cents net profit. But when you bet the dollar on number two toward number one, that is, on number two with a slight chance for number one, if two coppers remain you get twice the amount of your stake, less the usual commission, and if one remains you simply receive your dollar back.

Of all the national gambling games of China, the fantan is by far the most fascinating and fairest. It is, in fact, the real "Board of Trade" of China. Merchants, mechanics, and capitalists indulge freely in the games, and they are everywhere carried on with propriety and under religious sanction. No fantan dealer in New York or elsewhere would think of beginning his games without first prostrating himself before Joss to chant a fervent prayer or burn a bundle of incense papers and Joss sticks, and no fantan shop is without a small Joss-house of its own to protect it from losses. Chinese gamblers are, as a rule, more honest than merchants. A professional Chinese gambler may enter a fantan shop without a dollar in cash, and play with chips frequently into thousands of dollars. If he wins, he simply tells the cashier to send the amount to his house. If he loses, he asks the cashier for a bill of his losses, and then coolly walks out of the den. In the latter case, the money is sent around the next day before opening the games. This is very frequently done in New York, but not in very heavy amounts. A Mott Street merchant would rather trust a gambler than a man of any other calling. The gambler is ruled by a superstition that if he cheats Joss will cheat him.

The "Pack ob Peoh" or a "Hundred Letters" game is played by rolling up eighty letters into a bowl, and drawing out twenty of these eighty, which are to be guessed by the players. If you happen to guess five out of these eighty letters, you get back a little trifle over your capital. For six letters you get twenty dollars for one dollar, less ten per cent. For seven letters you get two hundred dollars, less usual commission, and so on. If you should guess the entire twenty letters drawn, you can close up the firm by taking all its capital of ten thousand dollars, which is locked up in the safe for such an emergency.

Chinese barbers are the most peculiar tonsorial artists in the world. There are half a dozen Oriental barber shops on Mott Street, the aristocratic one being Ah John's, at 22. They are all small, dingy places, with only one or two stools and a stand upon which are placed the shaving implements, of which the Chinese barber can boast almost as many varieties as an American surgeon or dentist. There is much more ground to be shaved



A BARBER SHOP WITH AN OPIUM JOINT.

on a Chinaman's head than on any other mortal, because he has to have the entire crown shaved, besides the eyelids and eyebrows, the ears and nose.

When a customer comes in he is first offered tea and tobacco; then he sits on a stool while the professor unbraids his long hair, which is carefully combed and tied up into a knot at the top of the head. A basin of hot water upon an easel is placed before him, with which the short hair around the knot is thoroughly washed. A towel is then

wound around his neck. A small tin pan is now handed to the customer to be held under his chin to receive the refuse from his own head. He is made to sit upright upon the stool during the shaving process. This is begun with a moon-shaped razor from the right side of the head above the ear, moving frontwise. No soap is used in any part of the shaving.

After the shave the barber takes a high stool, and climbing on it, he lays the newly-shaved head upon his left lap, and grasps a handful of miniature surgical tools. The first of these is a little hair-brush on the pattern of a tiny chimney sweep's broom. This is gently pushed into the customer's ear with a few turns in and out, as if dusting it. A sharp, narrow ear razor follows, and by a few ingenious twirlings of this instru-

ment all the growing weeds within the ear are removed. Then the chimney brush is once more inserted. A loop of bamboo twine enters to pick up what is left. If this fails to take out the remaining hair, a fine pair of pincers is used. The final instrument is a fine steel wire. One end of this is introduced near the drum of the ear, while the other is held against the prong of the pincers. One of the prongs of the latter is now gently tapped with the finger-nails, making the wire dance a jig to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," in the ear of the delighted customer. This last process, the "crowning touch" of tonsorial art in the Orient, is vulgarly called "tickling of the ear."

The eyelids are also shaved as well as the eyebrows. They are called the "trimmings of the eyes."

The smallest razor also cuts away all growth within the nostrils.

In conclusion, the fortunate customer has his fingers and toes pulled until they shoot off noises like the fire-crackers, and has his back and shoulders thoroughly pounded to scatter any possible rheumatism. For all these the Chinese barber charges seventy-five cents in New York, and five cents in China.

There are only four Chinese ladies in this city, wives of Chinese merchants. Two of these ladies have children, who can be seen occasionally in the stores, but their mothers are never seen, as the Chinese custom prevents women from going out, except upon special occasions, or visiting friends of their own sex, and then in closed carriages. These families live in small apartments, either in rooms above their own store, or upon some of the by streets near Chinatown. The children are petted by the Chinese bachelors much the same way as miners in the far West treat a baby when in a camp where families are scarce. The little ones receive many quarters and half-dollars from their devotees. But many Chinamen marry Irish, German, or Italian wives, and of half-breed children, or children born of white mothers and Mongolian fathers, there are over a hundred now in New York. Most of these women are poor working girls, who through necessity married well-to-do Chinamen. The Chinamen often make them better husbands than men of their own nation, as quite a number of them who ran away from their former husbands to marry Chinamen have

openly declared. The Chinaman never beats his wife, gives her plenty to eat and wear, and generally adopts her mode of life. Their children speak the English language, adopt the American ways and dress.

There are now two tailor shops, five cigar stores, three hundred sailors, four thieves, twenty-five highbinders, eight doctors, sixteen fortune-tellers, one professional spiritualist, and one solitary drunkard among the ten thousand Chinese of New York!

The two principal gods which the Chinese of New York worship, besides the "Melican man's almighty dollars," are opium and Joss. The latter has two small temples. A larger one is about to be built at 16 Mott Street. The one now most frequented is at 10 Chatham Square, in a large room upon the third floor, constantly guarded and cared for by an old gray-haired Chinaman. This Joss occupies a small raised throne made out of beautifully carved wood, and above him is a fantastically made canopy of like material, while before him is a high table for an altar, upon which are the utensils for sacrifices, bronze urns and pots for incense, and Joss sticks made from perfumed punk. The middle figure under this canopy is "Joss" proper; the young and smooth-faced companion at his left is his grand secretary, who records all the doings of men. The black-faced figure upon Joss' right is Ju Chong, his body guard and grand executive. The other two persons in the accompanying group of the five great gods are lieutenants.

The true name of Joss is "Kwan Goon." Kwan Goon is a great general who, four thousand years ago, conquered the various tribes then inhabiting the country, and welded them into one great Chinese empire, called The Middle Flowery Kingdom. His wisdom as well as his humanity in general toward those he had conquered so endeared him to the hearts of his subjects that they finally deified him into a righteous god. The name "Joss" was given him by the Christians of California.

Joss receives his tributes in wines, roasted pigs, chickens, and other delicacies upon the odd days of the months. Offerings are withheld from him upon other days as excess of food may give him colic.

Opium used to be a secret luxury to the Chinese, smoked only on the sly and behind closed doors; but now the moment a China-



IN A JOSS TEMPLE.

man enters into the house of another, he is offered an opium pipe and a cup of tea. Chinese opium is very expensive, selling at about two dollars per ounce at wholesale. It is a refined dark paste. A small particle of this is held upon the end of a "yen hoc" (a piece of steel wire looking like a darning-needle), in the bright flame of a little sweet-oil lamp. When this particle is cooked into a hard pill, the size of a common green pea, it is put upon the small hole in the center of the earthen bowl that rests near the extremity of a long bamboo tube. The hole in the

bowl where the pill is placed is so small that it can only admit the end of the "yen hoc," which makes a similar hole through the opium pill to connect with the hole upon the bowl. The pipe is about the size and shape of a flute, and the smoker's lips are placed against, not over, the ivory end for the mouth. Now the smoker, who always reclines upon a low couch, places this pill near the flame and commences to inhale its fumes. If he is an experienced smoker, he may consume the entire pill in one long breath.



JOSE AND HIS COURT.

The "opium fiends" (men incorrigibly addicted to the habit) generally become victims by abandoning themselves to the drug because of business reverses, as whisky is used by the Christians to drown their troubles. But it is much more difficult and rare to get into the opium habit than the "whisky habit," because a much longer time and much more money must be spent upon opium to fasten the craving for it. Most of the New York Chinamen have been smoking opium for the past ten or fifteen years, but use it only for an occasional mild sedative. On the other hand, there are several who have only been smoking for the past year or two who have already acquired the habit. It all depends upon the amount and frequency of the use. Nothing less than half a dozen pipes every day for the space of a year would give most men the habit. One hundred pipes smoked in a single day would make him frightfully sick, and probably would cure him of any desire for it again. A regular "opium fiend" needs to consume every day about three dollars' worth of the poppy juice to keep himself straight, but twice that amount would not hurt him. If he can not get the opium to smoke he is a physical wreck, and suffers untold miseries.

The opium habit can only be afforded, because of the time and means required, by the indolent and rich. It is said by reliable Mott Street authorities that there are at present over five hundred American smokers in this city, and over one hundred of these are "opium fiends." These all have their own "lay-outs," or smoking apparatuses, at their own homes. It is an insidious social evil. Opium smokers under the influence of their pipes become cheerful and communicative with those around them. The

hottest enemies associate amicably under its pacifying influence, and drunkards are made sober; but the wicked are made more sharp in swindling and the imagination is stimulated to unusual activity. But every moment of nervous exhilaration is dearly paid for by the subsequent sapping of physical strength.

The Chinese are a peculiar race, and their peculiarities are worthy of study and consideration when we remember that they represent nearly one-half of the entire population of the world. Their civilization is very different from that of the "outside barbarians;" therefore, even in New York, they can not be expected to give up these peculiar peculiarities, although some of them are, undoubtedly, neither loved nor admired by their neighbors of other nationalities.

The Chinese tailors make the laundrymen their blouses and short petticoats, to save them from what they would consider the misery of wearing the tight-fitting American trousers that prevent ventilation. The doctors bring their cases of Chi-Mayo, Neu Teah fa, Sin goopeh, and countless other herbs, to prevent the washees from having the gout, dyspepsia, spiz, and other kindred diseases that are co-existent with western civilization, and that were unknown to Chinamen until they began to feed like Christians. Yet, notwithstanding the merits of Chinese drugs, the Chinamen kept getting more funereal in face and qualmish in stomach, and continued to turn yellower in skin, until Mr. Wa Kee, an enterprising Hong Kong Chinese merchant, imported a cargo of all manner of curious canned, dried, and preserved food from the far-off "land of many flowers." Then the New York Chinamen began to revive, as the plants of an Egyptian desert brighten up after a refreshing shower.



IS LITERATURE BREAD-WINNING?

BY PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

VERY few persons outside of literary circles have any accurate idea of the wages of literature, and how inadequate they are to the needs of living. Many of those, indeed, belonging to such circles are strangely ignorant or misinformed on the subject. So much has been said and printed about the profession of literature that it is natural to believe it a profession by which its members may support themselves, and support themselves handsomely, too. The prevalent notion is that they who follow letters actually make money, like those who follow law, medicine, banking, merchandise. We often hear of authors who earn large revenues by their works; but, if we try to confirm the reports, we usually find them either unfounded or grossly exaggerated. In the great majority of cases, it is altogether true that literature is not monetarily remunerative, and that *littérateurs* do not expect that it will be. Novices may delude themselves with false hopes; but a moderate experience rudely undeceives them. You seldom meet an author seasoned to his trade who looks to it for any considerable pecuniary reward. He has adopted it because he loves it; because he would be dissatisfied without it; because he feels that he can afford the luxury of shedding ink habitually.

Other professions yield their followers a livelihood, at least. The profession of literature, in any strict sense, does not yield even this, as a rule. Many men and women in every great city subsist by writing; but their writing rarely deserves the name of literature. It is for the most part journalism, which may be literature, though it is not generally. To live by literature is to do pure literary work, and sell it at the market price, whether it be in the form of articles or books. It is to live outside of a salary, on which journalists and editors of periodicals and printed volumes depend. Thus there may be any number of literary workers who sustain themselves, but not by literature. Book-makers are not authors, albeit they are called such; but very few of them can turn their drudgery into the means of bread-winning. As to

authors proper, they, as has been said, are apt to be actuated by other motives than those of gain; money being with them a secondary object, perhaps no object at all. The more serious the work, the less the revenue derived from it, which is so well known that only authors of independent means, or having income from another source, are justified in undertaking such work.

The wages of literature are much greater now than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago; and yet they are too small to tempt those who have had any experience to embrace it for financial considerations. Hardly any mere *littérateur* in this country, whether of the first, second or third grade, has been able in the past, or is able in the present, to meet necessary expenses by his pen, as examples will show. Nearly all our *littérateurs* who have not, or have not had, revenue from investments, depend or have depended on salaries, chiefly as college professors or journalists. The bulk of them are in newspaper offices, and there get what is vulgarly styled their bread and butter, but very little else. *Littérateurs* know what a struggle they have themselves to make both ends meet; but they often imagine that some of their professional brethren are monetarily more fortunate—an opinion likely to prove baseless when they are fully informed. Literature in general must be accounted a luxury, to be maintained only at considerable cost. It is encouraging to think that it is far more remunerative than it has been; but it is doubtful if it will ever furnish the sinews of sustenance, in any number of instances, to its most devoted and diligent disciples. The list of American writers, dead and living, should serve as a wholesome warning to all who dream of turning authorship to profit.

To begin with those who are still vividly remembered: William Cullen Bryant, though regarded as one of the foremost of our poets, was far too worldly-wise to have any idea of attaching Pegasus to a cart. He wrote little verse, and that at long intervals, and laboriously, so that all his poetry, omit-

ting his translations of Homer, would hardly have brought, at the ordinary magazine rate, more than a few hundred dollars. He says, in his "Hymn to Death," that his father offered him in the bud of life to the Muses; but he was far too practical to woo them steadily. "Thanatopsis," written before he was of age, gave him more repute than any other of his compositions, and he lived to be nearly eighty-four. He was not much beyond thirty when, removing from rural Massachusetts to New York, he formed a connection with the *Evening Post*, and soon obtained a proprietary interest, which he kept till the close of his days, and from which he derived a handsome independence. He left an estate valued at from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars. Had he relied on his literary gift and literary work, he would, with his extreme fastidiousness and painstaking, have had a ceaseless struggle with Fortune.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was as thorough a philosopher in character as in principle. Sprung from a clerical race, he began as a Unitarian clergyman, and in three years permanently relinquished the pulpit, having become too radical for even the liberals of his church. He then devoted himself to thought and letters, and was one of the first of Americans to adopt lecturing as a profession. Although called dreamy and transcendental, he was ever shrewd and practical. Having his home at Concord, and living with perfect simplicity, he made his modest earnings suffice for his needs. He was an excellent manager in all things; he husbanded his intellectual, not less than his material resources. After carefully preparing his essays, he delivered them as lectures; then printed them in a magazine, and finally published them in book form. During the half century and more of his literary career, he did not average, in all probability, two thousand dollars a year; but he not only kept clear of debt, he contrived to accumulate a modicum of property. This was due to the man, not to his trade, which would not have yielded to the majority of authors the most meager subsistence. He gained much more from his lectures than from literature direct. He was in nearly all respects an exceptional nature.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's wonderful tales and romances, which now enjoy world-wide

fame, produced an insignificant sum,—less no doubt than if he had employed the time given to them in some menial labor. He was wretchedly poor most of his days, the six years he spent as Collector of the Port of Boston and Salem being golden to him. The consulate at Liverpool furnished him with more money than he had ever dreamed of, one year's revenue therefrom exceeding the literary gains of his whole life. A rare and original genius, he well-nigh starved while writing books that will be read for ages. He did not pursue literature so much as literature pursued him, and pursued him nearly to his grave. Constitutionally a recluse, he passed the bulk of his sixty years in the most retired nooks of the world, always on the strain to provide for his family.

Henry W. Longfellow was enabled to cultivate poetry from youth to old age by marrying a rich and charming woman whom he loved, and whose loss he was called to mourn early in his career. For seventeen years, too, he held the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard. During the latter part of his life, he was generously paid for his poetry; but he would not have had leisure for study, reflection, and writing, except for the liberal competency secured through his wife. Delivered from the common needs and cares of an author through his unearned revenue, he could afford to consecrate himself to his worshiped art.

William H. Prescott would never have undertaken the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," the "Conquest of Peru," or "Philip II.," had he not inherited a handsome property, which left him free to choose his pursuits. He devoted years to his histories, which his partial blindness, much increased finally, rendered so exceedingly arduous that no one save a most enthusiastic student would have dreamed of attempting them.

Indeed, no sane mind would harbor the thought of writing a careful history, unless assured of material support from other sources. Histories may bring fame; but they do not bring food or raiment. They are, perhaps, even more unremunerative than poetry. We are primarily indebted to John Lothrop Motley for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and the "United Netherlands," but secondarily to the fortune his father left

him. Who but a man of elegant leisure could have afforded to wholly reject the materials he had occupied several years in gathering in his native country, and begin, in a foreign land, his work anew?

Everybody knows about poor Poe's desperate and distressing efforts to gain a livelihood by literature. They might be melancholy and fruitless now; but forty or fifty years ago they indicated, particularly for one of his temperament and habits, little less than madness. Almost the only money worth mention that he got came from his salary in editorial positions, and that was very limited in amount. It is scarcely fair to put him forward as a representative of the slender rewards of literature; for his unbalanced nature and unfortunate defects would have made princely recompense of no avail. But even he, with all his gifts, could not have produced much of his best work save for the regular pay received in official places. Poverty, of the pinching kind, has been called the nurse of genius; if so, it must be the dry nurse. I am firmly of the opinion that a moderate degree of ease is a great aid to genius, which is likely, without it, to starve in a double sense.

Edwin P. Whipple never assumed to live by literature, which was really his recreation. His published works were made up of essays written from time to time for magazines, or of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute and other associations. He often said with a laugh that the most careful and conscientious writings of his ripest period furnished him with less money than his salary as Superintendent of the Reading-room of the Boston Merchants' Exchange.

Richard Hildreth outlined his chief work, the "History of the United States," while he was at Harvard, and would never have completed it, in all probability, but for his earnings on the staffs of the *Boston Atlas* and the *New York Tribune*.

Dr. J. G. Holland was one of the most popular of authors, his poems, novels and didactic writings all having had enormous sales, as they appealed to a large and not specially critical class. He was also exceedingly popular as a lecturer, making more, perhaps, on the rostrum than by his books. He was rich for a literary man, but he did

not grow rich by literature. He began by practicing medicine; became one of the proprietors of the *Springfield Republican*, and, soon after disposing of his interest, established with others *Scribners' (now the Century) Magazine*, which has had an astonishing and well-deserved prosperity. His money came from his proprietorships, not through his writings, and from judicious investments.

Bayard Taylor, voluminous and versatile author though he was, and wide as was his acceptance, lived mainly by his lectures, given annually in most of the States of the Union, and by his income as correspondent and stockholder of the *Tribune*. He was thought to be very well off; may be he was, for a littérateur—but he had very little property. When he died suddenly and unexpectedly in Berlin, most of his worldly possessions were represented by his shares in the *Tribune*, which were rated very low then, as the paper had not for a dozen years paid a dividend.

Richard Grant White, accounted the finest Shakespearian scholar in the country, spent years in study of the poet, and in preparing his edition of the plays. But it was purely a labor of love, from which he looked for no pecuniary reward; nor was he to any extent disappointed. He maintained his household in his early life by editorial service on the *Courier and Enquirer*, and at a later period by a position in the Custom-House. His miscellaneous writings were essays contributed to the magazines, which, as usual, were better paid for than they would have been if originally put between covers. He was constantly struggling with debt, simply as he lived. If he had leaned on literature, he might have fallen into the street. The allurements of ink are the reverse of financial, as the vast army of moneyless authors attests.

George Bancroft would never have had the courage to contemplate his elaborate philosophic history of the country; in truth, he could not have passed years abroad fitting himself for his vocation, had he not had unearned means to draw upon. He spent more than half a century on his great work, having revised and rewritten the earlier volumes, which seemed to the sobriety of age to lack the simpleness and complete verification essential to so important and

thoroughly-considered an enterprise. He has, perhaps unconsciously, followed the counsel of Vauvenargnes, who declared that an author who undertakes a serious work should act as if he were immortal. To live to be nearly eighty-eight and retain all one's faculties, and a fair amount of vigor, seems an approach to immortality. The fortune of Bancroft's wife has vastly helped his history.

James Russell Lowell has a modest patrimony, which has made it possible for him to write poems and essays to his own taste. Although standing at the head of American letters, his brilliant and scholarly work has brought him only a few thousand dollars—far less than he has received from his chair at Harvard, his editorship of the *Atlantic* and *North American*, or his foreign missions. He was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Boston, in 1840. The year following he published a volume of poems, "A Year's Life," and ever since literature has been his profession. But in all that time, nearly half a century, he has never tried to support himself directly by his pen. The very idea would strike him as preposterous.

John G. Whittier's poems are known wherever the English language is spoken; but they have never been associated in his mind with any form of bread-winning. He has always led the simplest, most beautiful life, as becomes one of the fraternity of Friends, much of it having been spent on a farm. He has several times held editorial positions, and when the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which he had gone to Philadelphia to edit, was sacked and burned by a pro-slavery mob, he became most determined in his opposition to the peculiar institution. Most of his early poems were prompted by his anti-slavery feeling, and came direct from his generous, justice-loving heart. After the outbreak of the war, he made some money by his muse; but he has never grown quite accustomed to a result so unexpected. He has ever been literary from instinct and humanity; what he has gained by his art has seemed merely incidental. His eighty odd years have been as a sweet and touching poem from first to last.

George William Curtis inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, and sank it all in his endeavor to save from loss the creditors of Dix, Edwards & Co., the second publishers of *Putnam's Monthly*, in which

firm he was a special partner. Not only that: he assumed a large debt beside, and worked hard, writing and lecturing, for sixteen years, until he had discharged the last cent. His income from his charming books has been small: he has met his household expenses by the salary—liberal, as editorial salaries go—which he receives, and has received for thirty-five years, from Harper & Brothers. A dozen such delightful stories as "Prue and I" would not yield him what they pay him annually; more's the pity. He broke himself down with overwork some years ago, and has since practiced a degree of moderation. Having redeemed to the fullest what he regarded as his financial honor—and no man could be more sensitive in respect of honor—he is content with the earnings of conscientious labor. It is a natural consequence of authorship rather to get rid of what one has than to add materially thereto. Ink is more a dissipater than a creator of money.

Walt Whitman is a type of the author of the past, a kind of modern Elijah, miraculously fed by ravens, and supported by poor widows, to whom his presence is a source of blessings. The Scriptural language does not apply to him exactly; but he is taken care of, because he cannot take care of himself. How can a bard be expected to, who perpetually sings "Leaves of Grass?" More philosopher than poet, one of his theories seems to be that a man is not bound to provide his own livelihood, when his friends are willing to relieve him of the necessity. For fifteen years he has been partially disabled by paralysis; but he has always been more or less a serene, sagacious, optimistic vagabond whom no one can dislike. His character is as original as his lines; he does not belong to this century, or indeed to any other. He may be a representative of the future, a figure of the dawn of a new civilization. It is said that he has never earned, outside of his government clerkship, five thousand dollars; and he is sixty-nine. Happy and wonderful is he who can lead so exceptional a career in these bustling, commercial days. The good, gray poet, as his admirers name him, is the unrecognized apostle of universal humanity. He proves, by his own case, that the true bard need not be burdened with his own self-support, which is an invaluable lesson for posterity.

George H. Boker has written his dramatic and other poems because he loves to write, and because he is desirous of distinction. His father left him a handsome property, which has qualified him to lead a life of elegant leisure, preserving him from the snares and trials of the majority of his literary brethren. What he has earned by his pen is not equal, it is said, to his expenditure for a single year. So fortunate a man can afford to be an author.

Richard Henry Stoddard has been writing poetry and prose since he reached manhood, and has done a deal of book-sellers' work; but for nearly twenty years he was in the service of the Customs, and latterly has been the reviewer of a daily newspaper. He says if he has not achieved fame he has achieved poverty, though he has not even done this without continuous and exhausting labor. No one has given literature a fairer chance to indicate itself as a source of revenue; but it has with him, as with others, ingloriously failed. Stoddard thinks that had he set up an apple-stand in his youth and stuck to it, he might by this time have enjoyed many of the comforts of city life. He chose, unhappily, a more conspicuous and less lucrative trade.

Donald G. Mitchell won wide renown as *Ik Marvel*, and his "*Reveries of a Bachelor*," and "*Dream Life*" particularly, sold largely; but he has never relied on his writings for his physical or mental wellbeing. He has been, at different periods, editor, lecturer, consul, and for thirty years and more has lived on his farm, which he has celebrated in divers volumes under the name of *Edgewood*. Recently New Haven has grown out to it, increasing the value of its land greatly, and he has become a Professor of *Belles-Lettres* in Yale College. Literature has been his delight; but he has never essayed to make it buy food or raiment for himself and family. He has had beautiful dreams, as his readers know; but he has not been so fantastic a dreamer as that would indicate. While he has cultivated sentiment, he has saving common sense in abundance.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson has been lecturer, soldier, anti-slavery agitator, as well as author, and he probably relishes authorship best of all. Of late years, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to writing, having done considerable journalistic

work. But he has seldom been able, I hear, to earn much more than two hundred dollars per month, which would be a poor apology for a livelihood, except in some quiet corner of the world like Cambridge, where he makes his home. He has also mortgaged himself moderately, I believe, to book-sellers, and striven stoutly with his graceful and gifted pen; but he has been able to do little beyond keeping the wolf from the door.

Charles Dudley Warner, like so many literary men, studied law (he studied in New York, was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, and practiced several years in Chicago), and afterward abandoned it for journalism and literature. His choice of literature was adventitious. Having contributed a series of sketches to the *Hartford Courant*, of which he was assistant editor, they met with such favor that he put them between covers. The book, eagerly and widely read, established his reputation as a humorist, and induced him to publish more books. His first is thought by many to be his best; but everything he writes now attracts attention, and is eminently marketable. He is in active demand as a contributor to magazines; but he has an income as proprietor of the *Courant*—he owns one-third of it—-independent of literature and of his salary as a member of the staff. What he gets as author is therefore a tertiary consideration.

Henry James does almost no journalistic work, and he is generally supposed, in consequence, to live by literature. But he has an income, inherited from his father, of about three thousand dollars a year, and being a bachelor, and residing abroad, from preference as well as economy, he might make that suffice, even if his inky wares did not always command the best rate. His income is a great advantage to him in his profession. By it he is saved from the necessity of writing when not in the mood, and of grinding out what he knows to be unworthy, to meet pressing bills. Except for it, we might not have had "*Daisy Miller*," "*Roderick Hudson*," and "*A Portrait of a Lady*."

Bret Harte is another writer who contributes nothing to newspapers, unless it be poetry or fiction. In the early part of his career he had a salary in the *San Francisco Mint* for six years, and before that was editor of a literary weekly. While in the *Mint*, several of his short poems published in the

local journals gave him such repute that he was invited to edit the *Overland*, where appeared those brilliant tales, the "Luck of Roaring Camp," the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," and the rest. He has never equaled those: it may be too much to expect that he should. He possesses genius undeniably, and his work brings the very highest figures. But he cannot sustain himself thereby: probably he could not if he were qualified to earn one hundred dollars a day. Some men are incapable of adapting means to ends; and Harte appears to be one of them. He was Consul at Glasgow, a very lucrative place, for some years. He performed its duties by staying in London, and attending swell entertainments. Whether he was able to keep out of debt while holding the office is not on record; probably not, however. Since his retirement he still remains in London, having decided to make his home there. He had, as usual, it is said, summoned the credit system to his aid,—a system that flourishes perennially in England in what considers itself the best society. A satiric villain has declared that Bret Harte is avenging the Alabama claims.

Harte is, according to his friends, the dupe of his own imagination, after the manner of Balzac. He is perfectly honest, they say; but his longings after the (financial) ideal are simply unattainable. He fails to appreciate money, or to have any clear understanding of its value. No man, unless under hallucination, would believe he could support a numerous family by literature, especially literature of so fine a quality as his. The ink that flows from his pen is soaked with conscientiousness. When he falls heir to the Bank of England, he may be able to balance his complicated accounts, and start afresh. He is a delightful fellow, but cannot resist his delusions.

William D. Howells has no such delusions: he is practical and perspicuous of vision as well as gifted. He is one of the most prosperous of authors, for as a novelist he is the fashion. At the outset, he was a journalist in Columbus, Ohio; but he has for twenty years eschewed newspapers. Yet he has always had a salary. From the *Ohio State Journal* he went to Venice; returning thence, he was on the staff of the *Nation*. Then he was assistant editor, and next editor, of the *Atlan-*

tic. James R. Osgood wooed him from the magazine, and paid him a salary to write exclusively for his publishing firm. Now he is regularly engaged by the Harpers, and handsomely compensated. He evidently comprehends the importance of a salary, and is sagacious enough to adhere to it through changing circumstances. He has actually accumulated a little money by writing, and this is the most remarkable part of his remarkable career. A native of Ohio, his mind must have been born in New England. All its qualities savor of Boston, its restrictedness, its peculiar, rarefied atmosphere.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is one of the daintiest of poets; his prose exhales an aroma of the polishing instrument. As indemnification, he has superadded to a steady salary the acquisition of a patron, a novelty in this age, and a joy to the client, deep and abounding. He knows better than any one can tell him that literature, pure and simple, is allied to want, and all his ideas are the antipodes of want. He has almost always occupied a salaried position. Having relinquished mercantile pursuits after the noted success of "Babie Bell," published at twenty, he took a place on the *Home Journal*. Some years subsequent he went to Boston; became the editor of *Every Saturday*, continuing such from the first to the last number, and has long presided over the *Atlantic* without afflicting himself with work. The rare fortune of having found a patron, a rich bachelor, has served him in excellent stead. He has houses built and furnished for him; is taken abroad; has his two boys sent to college; gets every comfort, and most luxuries, without the stroke of a pen, or the need of fawning. The patron, a good fellow, his sincere admirer, his true friend, delights to lavish gifts and favors on the poet. Few authors fare so daintily as Aldrich, whose palate is, probably, too jaded to detect the taste of bitterness which prosaic folk declare to be resident in the bread of dependence.

Samuel L. Clemens could make as much money by writing and lecturing as almost any member of the inky guild. But he owns too large a share of the commercial spirit to grub for cents when he can coin dollars. He scorns the platform, though he is in constant request, and pays an agent to so inform the public. Mark Twain is one of the four

or five persons in the country who could draw a big audience in New York, if he would lecture there. His ample humor does not take that form. His rough experiences in the far West early taught him the advantage of a good income, and he laid the foundation of it, twenty years ago, by marrying a rich girl. He also discovered that whatever profit there may be in books lies not in making, but in publishing them. Consequently, he has for some time been the active partner in a highly enterprising publishing firm, and is credited with positive wealth. If he had written as many volumes as there are in most libraries, he might not have got so much as he now has. His best joke is the one he has played on publishers by turning publisher himself. If he could be induced to deliver a didactic lecture, he would probably open by saying, "Now, boys, if you seriously contemplate entering on the profession of literature, put off your plan for sixty or seventy years, and meanwhile concentrate your genius on driving a stone-wagon. It will save you a deal of trouble, and pay you better besides."

James Parton is ever industrious, and has produced a series of the most readable biographies known to the public. He is wholly methodical, working six or seven hours a day; but his incessant work will not support him and his family in one of the quietest and least expensive towns of New England. He has salaries from the *New York Ledger* and the *Youth's Companion* for regular contributions thereto, and they materially assist in meeting daily household bills. His "Life of Voltaire," on which he spent twenty years, has not, I hear, yielded him five thousand dollars. Successful authorship is half-way to the poor-house.

Bronson Howard supplemented play-writing with journalism for a number of years; but he gave up journalism a good while ago and devoted himself exclusively to the stage; not because the drama had paid him so handsomely, though his reputation and earnings have much increased of late, but because he inherited considerable property from his father. "The Banker's Daughter," which he could not get accepted for years, put twenty thousand dollars in his purse, but that was through an extended period. Play-writing is the most remunerative, or least unremunerative, form of literature; and yet it

will not provide for the leading play-writer of this country.

John T. Trowbridge boldly chose to starve by literature, forty years ago, leaving a then half-settled region in the western part of New York, and coming to the metropolis to test his endurance in that way. He came perilously near starving, and would probably have done so, had he not relieved famine by engraving silver pencil-cases for a city manufacturer. He afterward fixed his abode in Boston—then more of a literary center than New York—and mended his fortunes. For thirty-five years he has been a popular story writer; but still he has been obliged to fortify his circumstances with salaried positions. He was associate editor of *Our Young Folks*, and has been for years an editorial contributor, at ample pay, to the *Youth's Companion*. He has all his mature life been occupied with a kind of writing which, plays excepted, returns the amplest revenue; but, nevertheless, he thinks it needful, at past sixty, to cleave to a salaried place.

Richard B. Kimball was before the war active and prominent in literature, having written books enough—"St. Leger" is best known—to learn how little profit is to be derived from it. He practiced law at Waterford, N. Y., but soon came to the city, where he has continued his profession, and has prospered as he never could have done had he habitually stained his fingers with ink. He has gained wisdom with age.

Edmund C. Stedman is an enthusiast about literature, and a most earnest, faithful, conscientious member of the profession. Few men love letters more, or would be happier to pass all their time in cultivating them. He is never so content as when composing a poem or an essay, and he enjoys no topic so much as literature, of which he would never weary. Journalism was with him, as with so many, the path that led to letters and he trod it from the time of his leaving college until near the close of the war. He had then published two volumes of poetry, and had discovered that, however delightful the work, however beneficial to the reputation, it is of small help to the purse. Thereupon he turned stock-broker—not because he liked that, or any form of business, but because he cherished a wholesome prejudice against his family going hungry and tattered. He

has apparently little satisfaction in belonging to the Board; he regards dealing in shares as very prosaic, and he tries to annul the prose by repairing to his study after dinner and writing till past midnight. He has been unlucky in Wall Street; if he had been lucky, he would have deserted it ere this, and wreaked himself exclusively on the artistic expression of his thoughts and feelings. If he could live by poetry, he would imagine himself near the empyrean.

John Burroughs can afford to weave his knowledge of nature into delightful essays, inasmuch as he owns a farm on the Hudson, and spends his days there, dividing his time between the cultivation of fruit and the pursuit of letters. He is likewise a national bank examiner, which occupies three or four months out of the twelve, and leads, on the whole, a serene and compensatory life. But it is needless to say he does not get his compensation, in respect of dollars and cents, from the elaboration of his ideas touching trees, birds, and flowers, which he so well understands, so dearly loves, so charmingly describes.

The author who doubtless makes far more money by his novels than any author in America—perhaps four or five times as much—has also a farm on the Hudson, and raises small fruits for market. Financially he is a giant among lilliputians as to manuscript-making. It sounds incredible; but I am authoritatively informed that the royalty from his works for the last fiscal year reached forty thousand dollars. I am aware that this seems to be of a piece with the romancing of those newspaper scribblers who boast of earning twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars annually. But his works of fiction have a prodigious sale, which is continually and rapidly increasing. He is surprised at it himself. When he put between covers a story, "Barriers Burned Away," which he had written as a serial for the New York *Evangelist*, after seeing the smoking ruins of the great Chicago fire, he had no idea that it would have so extraordinary a success. That opened a new avenue to him, and as his health had become impaired, he retired from the Presbyterian pulpit, and has since devoted himself to agriculture and literature. The former would keep him without the latter; but, naturally, he is unwilling to neglect the

exceedingly profitable inky industry by which he is convinced also that he does a deal of good. Not since Cooper, probably, has any native author's works found such a host of readers.

It is generally thought that novel-writers make money, and so they do when they are fortunate enough to become the fashion, which is very rare. But five thousand is considered a good sale, and as the author gets but ten per cent. on the retail rate, and as the price of most novels is one dollar and a half to two dollars, this would yield only seven hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars. The cleverest and most industrious man cannot finish more than one creditable novel a year, and the figures named certainly offer slight pecuniary temptation to authorship. An ordinary salesman or bookkeeper can earn double that, and any intelligent shopkeeper may quadruple the amount.

William D. Howells, one of our most popular fictionists, seldom gets more, I am informed, than five thousand to six thousand dollars for a novel; Henry James gets less; so, I believe, does Julian Hawthorne; while others of smaller reputation are compelled to content themselves with from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Most of them cannot afford to write long stories, unless they can first print them in a magazine, from which they usually receive more than they do from the bound book. Not a few authors who have published what are regarded as interesting, well-written novels have ceased to produce them, so small has been their recompense. A literary man with a family who cannot earn five thousand dollars a year by his profession, especially if his home is in the city, is doomed to many trials, and is pretty certain to be harassed by debt. And how very few authors there are, even when backed by journalism, who can, strive as they may, reach that modest sum!

Julian Hawthorne, just mentioned, is finely equipped by nature and training for his art, and has, beside, unusual readiness and versatility. He has said himself that he probably makes more by his pen in a single year than his father made in his whole life; and yet he is reputed to have had a hard, continuous struggle since he adopted literature as a profession, seventeen years ago. He has lived in Germany, England, and here,

and has always been troubled, it is said, by the question of adapting income to outgo. He has held several journalistic positions; but he now relies mainly on the sale of his writings. Extreme intrepidity is his; for, the father of six or seven children, he still follows his vocation. His talents, fine as they are allowed to be, are exceeded by his courage. Think of steadily pursuing literature with such a family!

Brander Matthews is justified in his occupation because he has, I am told, a liberal allowance from his father. Every author ought to have rich parents, which may be the reason that scarcely any author does.

John Habberton learned the printer's trade; set type in the establishment of the Harpers, went into their counting-room; entered the field as a Union soldier; returned from the war, and again served his former employers for years. Then he undertook business on his own account, and accomplished bankruptcy in a few months. This convinced him that business was beyond his ability, save in a subordinate capacity. His next step was writing; but he was prudent enough to secure a salary, and he has managed to retain one from that time. He admits that dabbling regularly in ink is a sorry calling, but that he is fitted to nothing else. He, at least, has a reason for doing what he does—perhaps all writers have the same, or a similar one—but he has not been so rash as to undertake literature without leaning firmly on journalism. Of the final indiscretion he has not yet been guilty.

Edgar Fawcett is one of the few who claim to support themselves by manuscript-making, and, without any salaried place, to keep wholly free from financial obligations. This is, indeed, a distinction. He is an exception in more ways than one. He is a predestined bachelor; he is a zealot in literature; he comprehends enlightened economy; he sets himself a task every day, and invariably finishes it. He allows nothing to distract him or withdraw him from his work. A machine could hardly be more regular: at the end of each year just so much has been done. But even he has, I believe, an inherited fund to draw upon in case of accident or disability. With perfect health, insatiable love of literary labor, an inflexible will, and no external responsibilities, he is pre-eminently qualified for authorship: he is one in a thousand.

With marked literary power, and an artistic temperament, he has, nevertheless, pertinacious habits and abundant practicality.

John Hay was on the staff of the *Tribune* when he published "Pike County Ballads" and "Castilian Days." And when he wrote for the magazines he was in diplomatic service abroad. He wedded a rich wife, and being in delicate health, retired from journalism, and employed his leisure in the preparation of his part of the "Life of Lincoln." We Americans have, or have had at least, a well-grounded prejudice against men marrying wealthy women, holding that money should come from the other side. Perhaps an exception should be made of authors, who, so long as they cling to their calling, are not likely to get money in any other way.

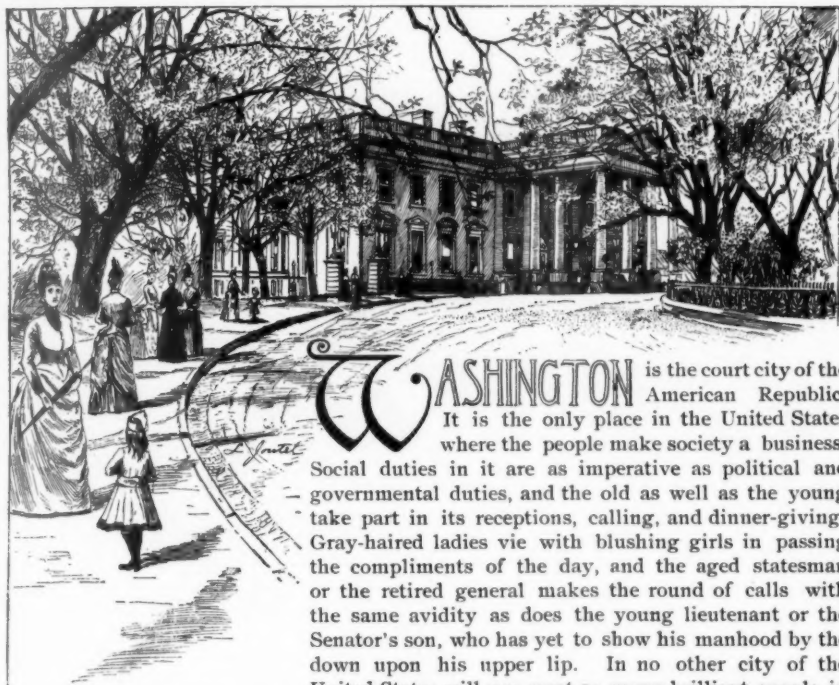
Joaquin Miller, who enjoys infusing his experiences with imagination, is reputed to have sufficient income from investments to preserve him from the drudgery of daily writing, and, moreover, he does considerable journalistic work. He likes to assume the character of an eccentric poet and a gifted savage; but this is part of his humor. He understands the world, is very shrewd, and never misses a tick that will count in the least to his advantage.

Moncure D. Conway has means enough to enable him to decline work that is distasteful, which is Eden for members of his profession—an Eden seldom gained. Edward Everett Hale's short stories and other literary performances are entirely apart from his clerical office, which is his regular profession. George Parsons Lathrop is a contributor to journalism; so is Arlo Bates. Henry C. Bunner has a salary from a humorous weekly; Frederic J. Stimson has an independence; John Fiske lives by lecturing; J. W. De Forest possesses a competence; H. H. Boyesen is a professor at Columbia. Something similar might be said of nearly every literary man of any note in the Republic. Fully three-quarters of all the members of the Authors' Club, numbering more than a hundred, are connected with newspapers.

I have designedly refrained from introducing women, so many of whom are authors, into this paper, because women do not as a rule take care of others than themselves, or even of themselves, being generally provided with a home. They are not, therefore, save exceptionally, bread-winners.

THE LADIES OF THE AMERICAN COURT.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.



WASHINGTON is the court city of the American Republic. It is the only place in the United States where the people make society a business. Social duties in it are as imperative as political and governmental duties, and the old as well as the young take part in its receptions, calling, and dinner-giving. Gray-haired ladies vie with blushing girls in passing the compliments of the day, and the aged statesman or the retired general makes the round of calls with the same avidity as does the young lieutenant or the Senator's son, who has yet to show his manhood by the down upon his upper lip. In no other city of the United States will you meet so many brilliant people in

so short a time, and no other social gatherings show to such an extent the representatives of statesmanship, art, literature, and culture.

The receptions at the White House bring together some of the most noted of all the great nations of the globe. The Chinese Minister, in his gorgeous silks, looks out of his almond eyes at the dark-faced, black-bearded diplomat from Turkey, who appears with sword at his side, and a red fez skull-cap covering his black hair. The polished French Minister talks in a friendly way with the straight, stiff representative of the Kaiser of Germany; and the fat Coreans, with their sugar-loaf hats tied on by strings of beads under their chins, wobble about like so many fantastically-dressed old women, chatting to such of the Chinese and Japanese legations as they may meet, and looking with eyes of wonder at the beautiful ladies of the American Court. The Italian, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Portuguese, and Swiss governments, the little kingdom of Greece, and the great empire of England, have here their representatives in titled men and women, and the American kings and queens are here *en masse*, and on a par with them.

The old saying that in America every woman is a queen and every man a king, nowhere holds so good as here, and among the crowd which assembles in the great East Room of the White House at a President's reception are all classes and conditions of men and women. Here the golden calf is less worshiped than in others of our cities, and here brains, deeds, and official positions are more courted than blue blood or millions. Our nation is a democracy, and its court is democratic. It could not be

otherwise where the changes take place so rapidly, and where the social leaders change with every Administration. The school-teacher of to-day becomes the mistress of the White House to-morrow, and she is succeeded a year later by a school-girl, who captures the hearts of statesmen and of generals, and who ranks as the most charming of our First Ladies of the Land.

This is, indeed, the story of Mrs. Cleveland. She is, if anything, more popular now than when she first came into the White House nearly two years ago. I watched her as she stood at the first presidential reception after her marriage, when all fashionable Washington came by card invitation to shake hands with and to criticise her. She received all so cordially and with such unaffected grace that she captured the social world on the first night of her campaign, and since then her popularity has steadily grown. She looks a little more matured now than she did at her marriage, but she is fully as handsome and as winning. I do not think it right to call Mrs. Cleveland surpassingly beautiful. She appeared in Washington before any one outside of the White House thought of her marriage, and she did not attract attention in this respect. She is fine-looking. Her features are too noble and dignified to be characterized by the diminutive title of "pretty." The word "handsome" better expresses it, and if the adjectives "strikingly graceful" and "remarkably womanly" be added, they convey a better idea of Mrs. Cleveland as she is.

She has a fine form. She is tall and straight and well-rounded, without being plump. She carries herself well, and acts in a perfectly natural manner. She gauges her actions by the standard of common sense and a kind heart, and she is, as one of the leading senatorial ladies expresses it, a noble type of American womanhood.

"Mrs. Cleveland," says this lady, "would have made a good wife for a poor man, and the same elements which have made her the most popular mistress the White House has had for many years, would have adorned a cottage and have brightened the life of a day-laborer. She is, above all, a true woman, and I have noted that the domestic affairs of the White House are better managed now than they have been during the last four Administrations."

Mrs. Cleveland's social duties are greater than is generally supposed. She assists the President at his state receptions, and sits opposite him at the state dinners. She is considered the social head of the Administration, and she is, indeed, the mistress of the White House. The gorgeous floral decorations of the State Reception Rooms are subject to her approval; and she stands with the President whenever he receives his guests in a social way.

The state dinners of the President are perhaps the grandest social affairs of the American Court, and to be invited to the White House to one of these is the social event of a lifetime. The White House blazes with light. The Marine Band plays in the vestibule. The great East Room becomes a tropical flower garden, and its white and silver pillars are wreathed with garlands and hung with flower shields, upon which have been woven American eagles of pinks and roses. It is here that Mrs. Cleveland stands with the President, and receives the thirty or fifty guests who have been invited to the dinner, and it is from here that she is escorted to the state dining-room by the most honored of the party. This dining-room sparkles with cut glass and silver, and the dinner of many courses is gotten up by French cooks. The daintiest of viands are washed down with rare old wines, and a number of glasses stand by each plate save that of Mrs. Cleveland. The President's wife has, as far as her own example goes, espoused the cause of temperance. She drinks nothing at these dinners but Apollinaris water, and, though she does not, as did Mrs. Hayes, endeavor to regulate the tastes of others, she does not touch wine herself.

At her state receptions she shakes hands with from three to five thousand persons on every such night during the season. It is said that she has shaken hands with more than one hundred thousand people during the past winter. She is a good hand-shaker, and each caller receives a warm grasp and a decided pressure. In most cases this is accompanied by a cordial smile, and those who have the pleasure of chatting with Mrs. Cleveland for a short time become her friends. There is no opportunity for such chats at these state receptions, but Mrs. Cleveland gives audience several times



MRS. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

(From a photograph by C. M. Bell.)

weekly to people from all parts of the country who wish to meet the President's wife, and at her Saturday afternoons she receives the general public. In her conversation she shows great tact, making her visitors feel at home, and here she is at her best. She quickly grasps, and almost intuitively, the subjects that are of interest to her callers. She dispels their embarrassment, and draws them out, as it were. She is a good talker, and she keeps up her reading amid the demands of society.

Since her marriage Mrs. Cleveland has joined the church, and she took her first sacrament with the modest Presbyterian congregation which is presided over by the Reverend Byron Sunderland. She goes to church regularly, and the storm and the slush do not keep her at home. She sings

with the congregation, and when the contribution box is passed around, she drops something into it. She has attended some of the church socials, and she is ever trying to do something to make others happy. She dresses for church with excellent taste, and there is nothing about her air which would lead to the supposition that she thought herself better than the remainder of the congregation.

Mrs. Cleveland is, however, not a religious enthusiast. She is liberal in her views, and she is full of life. She enjoys life, and likes to walk, ride and drive. She is not snobbish. She does her own shopping, and you may often see her in the stores picking out this and that article for her own use or that of her friends. There is nothing supercilious in her treatment of the clerks, and she is in her daily life the same kind woman that she appears at her state receptions. She is fond of the country, and her home, Oak View, with its magnificent stretch of scenery of river, hill, and valley, is one

of the prettiest country estates about Washington. In it Mrs. Cleveland passes most of her summer months, and here she receives the hundreds of friends who come to visit her and the President. Within a stone's throw of Oak View is Grasslands, the country-seat of Secretary Whitney, and Mrs. Secretary Whitney and Mrs. Cleveland are thus neighbors here as they are in the city. Mrs. Cleveland does no calling. She is not expected to return calls, and she can refuse all invitations to dinner.

It is different with the Cabinet ladies. They return all calls received, either in person or by card, and it is not uncommon for a Cabinet lady to receive from three to five hundred in a single afternoon. Mrs. Secretary Whitney is the most generous entertainer of the Cabinet circle. Her grand

reception-room reminds one of the salons of Versailles or Fontainebleau. Its walls are covered with brocaded silk, made in France to order, after the styles of Louis XVI., and old masters and Gobelin tapestries look from them down upon you. The dining-room with walls of silk of a quality so fine that it would honor a diplomatic reception at the White House as a lady's dress, has tables loaded with the best productions of the French cuisine, and the succulent terrapin is washed down with the dryest of French champagne. The center of the house, however, and its greatest attraction, is its accomplished mistress, Mrs. Flora Payne Whitney. Plump, blue-eyed and cultured, she dispenses her hospitalities so gracefully that there is never a jar. She has many of the qualities of Dolly Madison, and she has the happy faculty of putting embarrassed people at ease at once. She sees everything that is going on in her parlors, without appearing to see anything, and she entertains people because she likes to do so. With an income so large that its yearly amount equals a fortune, she believes in enjoying her money rather than hoarding it, and she uses it to make others happy. Very charitable, she feels that she owes a duty to society in her present condition, and she has made her home the social center of the Capitol.

Mrs. Whitney's country home at Grasslands is entirely furnished with antique furniture. It is kept open winter and summer, and Priscilla, the colored maiden in charge, serves refreshments to all who call. The society belles and beaux of Washington go to Grasslands in parties, and it is from here that the tally-ho coach-riders start, and many a fox-hunt or paper-chase dates here its beginning. Mrs. Whitney is a good wife and mother as well as a social leader. She watches carefully the health of her handsome husband, and she does not tire of talking of her baby Dorothy, her bright boy at school, or her little daughter whom she very sensibly keeps out of society.

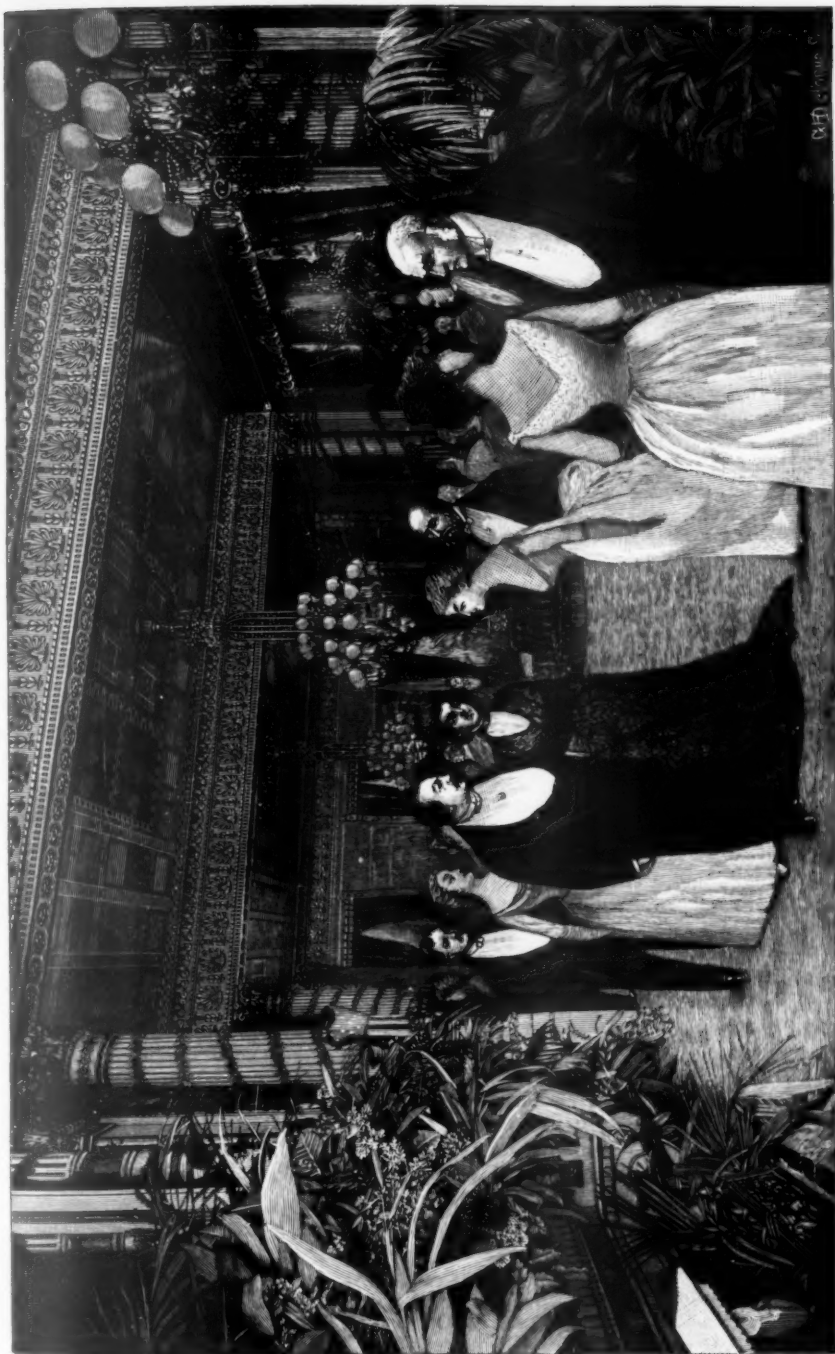
Mrs. Secretary Endicott is also a very womanly woman. She is tall, slender, and her face is full of culture. She does not entertain to the extent that Mrs. Whitney does, and I do not think that she is so fond of society. Her home in Washington is the fine pressed brick house of Queen Anne

architecture which Mr. George H. Pendleton built for himself when he was in the Senate. It is a beautiful home. The drawing-room walls are hung with pale blue momie cloth, and the wood is painted white. A red-faced butler in livery, who looks as though he had been transplanted from England, throws open the wide front door with a flourish when you call, and the rooms of the ground floor are so arranged that three rooms can be thrown into one. Mrs. Endicott is a woman of reading. She is modest and retiring in her disposition, and she is very much opposed to having herself quoted on society matters in the newspapers. She comes of one of the old families of New England, and she was a daughter of George Peabody, of Salem, and is of the same family as the bachelor millionaire philanthropist. She gives many receptions, and her parlors are always crowded on Wednesdays during the social season.

Another Cabinet lady who ranks as one of the queens of Washington society is the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. Fairchild. Her house has been one of the largest of those open at Washington during the season of 1888. It is an immense square brick mansion with two tiers of glass rooms running along the southern side, and with wide halls and generous parlors.

Mrs. Fairchild is of medium height, and rather slender than plump. She is a blonde, with brown eyes and regular features. She is well read, and she is much interested in Dutch literature. She comes of an old Dutch family, and her father was Ledyard Lincklaen, and he was of the same family as that of the noted traveler who circumnavigated the globe with Captain John Cook, and who was with him when he was killed by the cannibals of the Sandwich Islands. Mrs. Fairchild's mother is a sister of the late Horatio Seymour, and she is thus related to the late Roscoe Conkling by marriage. The Ledyard family was connected with the Seymour family by several marriages before the Revolution, and the family was one of the oldest in New York State.

Secretary Bayard's house has been closed for a year owing to the death of his daughter Catherine, who was so noted for her accomplishments, literary, social, and equestrian. This was followed by the death of Mrs. Bayard, and during the whole of the last season no



A RECEPTION IN THE EAST ROOM.



MRS. SECRETARY WHITNEY.

receptions were given. The social season of 1888 demanded, on account of the Fisheries Treaty Commission, entertainment on the part of the Secretary of State, and Secretary Bayard's eldest daughter, Miss Annie Frances Bayard, became its hostess, and took her mother's place in the Cabinet circle. Miss Bayard is tall, dark, slender, and pleasant looking. She has stood beside Mrs. Cleveland at her state receptions as the leading Cabinet lady, by virtue of her position, and, dressed in mourning, has been presented to the people as they passed through. She has won many friends as her father's companion, and her receptions have been more democratic than those of the family in the past. She is a charming girl, well educated, and cultured. She is said to be one of the finest horsewomen in Washington.

Mrs. Vilas has been ill during the whole of the past social season. She is, however, one of our society queens, and is called by many the handsomest of the wives of the Secretaries. She has a charming womanly face, beautiful dark hair, and a bright eye. She is a good talker, and is quite domestic in her tastes. Mrs. Cleveland and she are great friends, and Mrs. Cleveland has spent much of her leisure during the past season at the home of Mrs. Vilas. Mrs. Vilas is a devout Episcopalian, and when well she may be seen with her whole family on Sunday at one of

the churches of this denomination in Washington. She is very well read, and keeps up with the current literature of the day. She lives very nicely at Washington, in the fashionable northwest part of the city, and her home at Madison, Wisconsin, is one of the finest of the Northwest. It slopes down to beautiful Lake Mendota, upon which our Secretary of the Interior and his wife fish during their summer vacations. Mrs. Vilas' maiden name was Annie Fox, and her father was one of the pioneer physicians of Wisconsin. While she was attending school at Madison she met William F. Vilas, who was a promising young attorney there, and she married him in 1866. The two have three children now living, and their home is one of the happy ones of Washington.

A very important part of the Presidential circle at Washington is the family of Mr. Cleveland's Private Secretary, Colonel Daniel Lamont. Colonel Lamont stands so close to the President that he has as much influence as a Cabinet officer. His pretty babies play about the White House grounds, and his wife is a close friend of Mrs. Cleveland. She is an almost daily visitor at the White House, and she is one of the most popular women of Washington society. A little over medium height, she has a handsome womanly



MRS. SECRETARY ENDICOTT.

face with dark eyes and hair. She dresses well, and her receptions are among the most largely attended of the season. Her personal tastes are, I doubt not, rather domestic than social, though she maintains her part in the social world. She is very fond of her children, and her two little flaxen-haired daughters might be called the babies of the White House, for they are great favorites with the President and his wife. Mrs. Lamont lives in a fine three-story brick house near that of Secretary Whitney, and not far from the White House.

The Supreme Court circle is a very important element of Washington society. The Justices of the Supreme Court are appointed for life, and their salaries of ten thousand dollars a year give them ample funds for entertaining. They have no fear as to a change in the Administration, and while they make up a part of the general Court society, they have a certain standing of their own, and have not the transient nature of the other elements of Washington life. It has long been a question as to whether the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court have a social precedence over the Senators' wives, and also as to whether the wives of the Senators or those of the Cabinet Ministers should make the first call. Nearly all of the Cabinet



MRS. SECRETARY VILAS.

ladies, however, have told me that they believed that the Senators' wives should be first called upon by them, and the Senators' wives, as a rule, make the first call upon the wives of the Justices.

Mrs. Waite presides over the house of the Chief-Justice with dignity, and her daughter Annie is one of the bright young ladies of the Capital. Mrs. Justice Miller is one of the authorities of the ladies of the Supreme Court on social questions, and Judge Miller, as the senior member of the Court, is looked upon as the patriarch of the body. Mrs. Justice Field is noted for her social entertainments and dinners, and Mrs. Harlan is one of the bright women of Washington society. Mrs. Stanley Matthews has entertained a great deal during the past season. She has a magnificent house, with a number of large parlors on the ground floor which can be thrown into one, and this is located in the heart of fashionable Washington. The family is especially fond of music, and their musicales have been very enjoyable affairs. There is a big pipe organ in one of their parlors, and this, with a great harp, a piano, and other instruments, enables them to have fine concerts. Mrs. Matthews is tall and fine-looking. She has bright eyes, a plump face, and she is a very bright talker.

The leading lady of the Army circle is Mrs. Sheridan, and she is, as her picture will show, one of the most beautiful of all the Washing-



MRS. SECRETARY FAIRCHILD.



MRS. DANIEL LAMONT.

ton women. Straight, well rounded, and fine looking, her face might have been that of an ideal portrait. Its features are regular and refined, and a great mass of dark brown hair is rolled up on the back of her shapely head. As wife of the General of the Army, she gives her regular receptions to the public, and she has on some days as many as three hundred callers. General Sheridan's house is a comfortable three-story brick, facing Rhode Island Avenue. It is well furnished, and the stuffed heads of deer and other animals shot by the General look down upon you from its walls. All around are trophies and mementoes which Mrs. Sheridan and the General have picked up here and there over the world, and it is indeed a very homelike home. Mrs. Sheridan is noted for her good sense. A friend of hers tells me that when she first came to Washington she was surprised at the silly remarks made by some women at receptions, and she decided that she would think before she spoke, and if she had nothing to say she would remain silent. She persevered, says this lady, in this determination, and she is one of our society ladies who always talk well. She is a good mother and a good wife, and she takes the greatest care in the education of her children. She and the General are wrapped up in their family, and the four little ones, the three girls and "Little Phil, Junior," who

make up the family circle, are as bright, intelligent, and well-bred children as you will find at the Capital. They all speak French, and they are getting a good start on the road to a finished education, while at the same time they are not having the boyhood and girlhood squeezed out of them by being overtasked at their books. Mrs. Sheridan is the daughter of General Rucker. She is one of the leading spirits in the charitable enterprises of the Capital, and she is a devout Catholic.

Senator John J. Ingalls, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, occupies the position of acting Vice-President of the United States, and his wife, as such, leads the Senatorial circle. Mrs. Ingalls is a stately, handsome woman with bright blue eyes and dark hair, which is now sprinkled with gray. Her cheeks, however, are as rosy almost as those of her débutante daughter, and she does not look like a mother of eleven children. Mrs. Ingalls lives in a large white brick house near the Capitol. She has held very large receptions during the social season of the present year, and she has the happy faculty of making her guests feel perfectly at home. She is, though a very womanly woman, possessed of strong views upon most matters of public interest. She is thoroughly republican in her sympathies, and she thinks that the greatest man in the United States is Senator John J. Ingalls.



MRS. JUSTICE MILLER.



MRS. GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Ingalls comes of one of the oldest families in New England. She is a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, who was the first child of English parentage born in New England, and who was born on the *Mayflower* in the harbor of Cape Cod, November 20, 1620. Mrs. Ingalls' father was named Chesebrough.

The ladies of the Senate have not entertained largely as a rule during the social season of the past winter, and the loss of Mrs. Logan's society leadership has been greatly felt. Before the General died, her beautiful home, Calumet Place, was a favorite resort of both ladies and gentlemen, and she was a sort of social mother to the young ladies of Washington society. Every one felt at home at Mrs. Logan's. She never forgot a face, and she seldom forgot a name, and she was at the head of all charitable and social movements. Since her husband's death she has not gone into society, and her life upon the hills above Washington has been most retired.

The two leading senatorial ladies of the winter have been Mrs. Palmer, of Michigan, and Mrs. Stanford, of California. Both have grand houses at Washington, and both have entertained profusely. Mrs. Palmer is a bright-eyed, pretty, *petite* woman who dresses exquisitely, and who has become one

of the most popular ladies of Washington society. A Supreme Court Justice's daughter remarked at one of her receptions this winter that one was always sure of a good time at Mrs. Palmer's, for she knew how to entertain, and did it without overdoing it.

This is indeed one of the charms of Mrs. Palmer's entertainments. She is perfectly natural, and she lets her guests think they are taking care of themselves. Her magnificent paintings aid her in this, and when she introduced Mrs. Dickinson to her friends she had fully one thousand people inside the walls of the Palmer mansion within one evening.

Mrs. Palmer is a descendant of Governor Winslow of Vermont. Her father was wealthy, and Mrs. Palmer has a fortune in her own right, in addition to that owned by her husband. She is a woman of broad culture and wide travel. She reads French fluently, and she thinks that the prettiest place in the whole world is the log-cabin home which her husband has built on his country estate near Detroit. This log cabin cost twelve thousand dollars to build. A beautiful artificial lake stretches out in front of it, and at its back is a forest as dense as the wilds of pioneer days. Mrs. Palmer prefers this home to her Washington house, and its country life pleases her more than



MRS. SENATOR INGALLS.



MRS. GENERAL LOGAN.

the dining and calling of Washington society.

I wish I could introduce you into Mrs. Stanford's Washington home. Upon its walls hang the finest of paintings. Its portières are brocaded in gold in figures that a queen might envy, and beautiful embroideries, rare curios, and wonderful things gathered from the four corners of the earth look at you from every side. I wish you could see her diamonds, each set of which is worth many times the value of a king's ransom, and four sets of which, it is stated in the newspapers, cost six hundred thousand dollars. I wish I could paint her magnificent costumes in which she appears at the White House receptions, and could at the same time show you the unostentatious democracy and kindness of heart which she displays toward all with whom she comes in contact. She is a tall, stately lady, well formed and well rounded. She believes in doing good with her money, and her acts of charity are more numerous than the world is aware of. It was a kind thing to give one of her handsomest dinners to the boy pages of the United States Senate, and it is a wise charity which she and her husband are engaged in—the giving of twenty millions of dollars to found a University in California. Neither she nor Senator Stanford publish their charities, and I

hear of kind things every day which they do for deserving people.

Mrs. Stanford's receptions are largely attended, and during the past winter she has given many fine dinners. At one of her receptions General Grant's widow received with her, and I saw the eyes of white-haired generals fill with tears as they shook the hands of the two ladies. Mrs. Stanford's greatest loss has been that of her son, who, extraordinarily bright, had almost reached manhood when he died of Roman fever while traveling in Europe. His portrait has the honored place in the Stanford drawing-room, and the fresh flowers which are always wreathed around it bring the hearts of every motherly caller closer to Mrs. Stanford as it meets their eyes.

Mrs. Sherman has always entertained largely in Washington, and her social career has been longer, perhaps, than that of any other Senator's wife. She has spent her winters at the Capital during the past thirty-three years, and she came here first with her husband when he was elected to Congress in 1854. This was in the Pierce Administration. She saw Buchanan rise and fall, attended the levees of Harriet Lane, dined at the White House with President Lincoln, was one of the leading society ladies during the Grant Administration, and was one of



MRS. SENATOR PALMER.

the chief entertainers during the rule of President Hayes, when her husband was Secretary of the Treasury. She received with Mrs. McElroy, and, as wife of the acting Vice-President, her husband being President *pro tem.* of the Senate, she was last year the leading lady of the senatorial circle. Still, Mrs. Sherman is a comparatively young woman. She is tall and fine looking. Her rosy face is free from wrinkles, and her brown hair has few gray strands. She is noted as a housewife as well as a society leader, and when at her home in Mansfield, Ohio, she superintends all the domestic arrangements, even to the turning the Jersey cream into butter, and seeing that the gardener puts in the seeds at the proper time. She is a well-educated woman, and she speaks and reads French as well as she does English. She is fond of the society of young people, and frequently has her Washington house full of guests. This house is on Franklin Square, one of the fashionable parts of the Capital. When Senator Sherman bought the land years ago this square, which is now one of the finest of Washington, was a cow pasture and ball ground. Mrs. Sherman is the daughter of a noted Ohio judge, and Senator Sherman was a young lawyer when he proposed and was accepted. The two have the happiest of married lives, and they form one of the striking couples of our National Capital.



MRS. SENATOR STANFORD.



MRS. SPEAKER CARLISLE.

Mrs. Sherman's niece, Mrs. Don Cameron, was living with her aunt when she made the acquaintance of her husband. She was then one of the prettiest girls of Washington society, and was, I think, in her teens; she does not look much older now, and she is one of the beauties of Washington. Tall, slender, with a fine, pure face, sparkling blue eyes, she is a bright conversationalist. She is a good linguist, and is very fond of and popular in the diplomatic circles of the Capital. Her home in Washington is the old Ogle Taylor mansion, which has for sixty years and more been one of the leading houses in a society way. It is a great square brick, painted now a cream yellow, and having an iron balcony over its English basement entrance. It was in this house that General Winfield Scott was dining one day when a furious hail-storm came up, and the hail-stones, as large as pigeon eggs, broke in the front windows. The servants brought in these stones and showed them to the party at the dinner table. Scott took several of them and dropped them into his champagne, cooling it, as he said, with "celestial ice."

Senator Hawley has brought a new wife to Washington, and Mrs. Hawley has already made many friends with her English accent and her common-sense English ways. She is a finely-educated Englishwoman, and she



MRS. GEN. JOHN C. BLACK.

(From a photograph by Merritt and Van Wagner.)

was acting as a hospital nurse when the bluff General Hawley fell in love with her and married her. She is a woman of literary tastes, and she gave a reception to the authors of the United States during their readings in Washington for the benefit of the International Copyright League.

There are many other bright ladies of the Senate, and the accomplished wives of the Representatives of the House could rightly bear the name of legion. The wife of the Speaker, Mr. Carlisle, is a tall, Juno-like lady, with blonde hair and a dignified air. She was during the last days of President Arthur the First Lady of the Land, and she has long been a leading figure in Washington society. Her receptions at the Riggs House are largely attended, and she gives many dainty teas during the season. She is very much wrapped up in the Speaker, and is a woman of domestic tastes. She is the leader of the social circle of the House of Representatives, and the wives of the other members esteem it a favor to be asked to receive with Mrs. Carlisle.

It is a mooted question as to what position the Speaker's wife now holds in Washington society. Before the passage of the Presidential Succession bill, the Speaker

was third in line of succession to the Presidency, and in case the President and Vice-President died, he would have become President. The passage of this bill makes him simply the Speaker, and his wife is the leading lady of the ladies of the House. There are a number of people who, affected by foreign customs, believe that the precedence of ladies should be in the line of the presidential possibilities of their husbands. These ladies theorize thus: The President's wife is the first lady of the land, and, according to reason, the social standing of those beneath her should be more or less important as they have more or less possibility of becoming mistress of the White House. On this basis, the wife of the Vice-President ranks next to the wife of the President, and, according to the new law passed upon the death of Mr. Hendricks, vesting the presidential succession in the members of the Cabinet, the wives of these members should rank next to Mrs. Cleveland in the order of the places which the Secretaries hold in the line of succession.

Another theory is—and this is the generally accepted one—that the wives of the Senators, as representatives of sovereign States, stand next to Mrs. Cleveland, and that the Cabinet ladies are expected to make the first call. The Cabinet ladies have acknowledged this



MADAME KUKI.



MADAME ROMERO.

right, and have acted in accordance with it. It is customary for the ladies of the Senate to make the first call upon the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, though there are frequent discussions as to whether the Justices' wives can rightly claim this precedence. Strangers in Washington always make the first call upon people holding official positions, and also upon old residents, and the wives of bureau officers call upon the wives of their husbands' chiefs.

In the diplomatic circle there are many bright women, and one of these during the past few years has been a Japanese lady. Madame Kuki, the wife of the Japanese Minister, who was but lately recalled, was, I am told, as pretty a woman as Japan can produce. She was a *petite* body with a face the color of a lemon, with bright, dark, almond-shaped eyes, and with glossy hair as black as a raven's wing. She wore the dress of an American belle, and her costumes came from Worth. She had diamonds in her ears, and she learned to speak English while she was in Washington. The Minister asked for his recall because the Washington climate

did not agree with her health, and she now presides over his palace at Tokio, Japan.

During the past winter, Madame Romero, the wife of the Mexican Minister, has opened the new building of the Mexican Legation to the public, and her receptions have been the most generally attended of those of the diplomats. This new Legation building is one of the finest houses of Washington, and Madame Romero presides over it with grace. She is a New England girl, and is a descendant of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She is a bright-eyed blonde, dignified and accomplished, and it is largely due to her that the Mexican Legation has become one of the most popular in Washington.

Such, in brief, is a rapid *résumé* of the leading ladies of the American court. The ladies spoken of by no means comprise all of the leading ladies of Washington society. Representative women have been taken in every instance, and the rapidly growing circle of ladies not in official life has not been mentioned. Among these are some of the brightest minds and cleverest tongues of our National Capital. The old Washingtonians, who have for generations mixed with the best circles of the Administrations as they have come and gone, have many bright old ladies who will entertain you by the hour with the doings of generations ago. Their daughters' daughters, well educated, bright and beautiful girls, will talk to you in French, English and Spanish, and this circle has been considered one of the most exclusive of Washington. Then there is the semi-literary society, made up of *littérateurs* who do their work at Washington, and among these are such men as Colonel John Hay, the author, with Nicolay, of the *Life of Lincoln*; Librarian Spofford, whose daughter is as bright as her father; and the number of bright women who adorn the homes of the scientists of the Smithsonian Institution and of the National Observatory. Then there are the ladies of wealth, culture and travel who make Washington their winter home, and those who come here to enjoy its social advantages.

THE GRATEFUL ELEPHANT.

A STORY OF BURMAH.

By DAVID KER.

"IS this the place you were talking of the other night, Captain, where the elephants help to pile up timber in the dock-yard?" asked Harry Fenton, as the British outward-bound packet steamed slowly into the roadstead of the Burmese port of Moulmein.

"This is it, sure enough," answered Captain Weatherly, with a hoarse chuckle; "and when we go ashore I'll take you through the dockyard, and you shall see them do it yourself."

The captain was as good as his word. To the dockyard they went that very afternoon, and there, sure enough, Harry saw a very curious sight.

The ground was littered far and wide with huge rough logs of various sizes, among which a number of elephants were at work as gravely and steadily as if they had been regularly hired for dock-laborers. Several of them were full-sized, but a good many were mere half-grown youngsters who had not got their tusks yet.

Just as our hero came up one of the boy-elephants was handling rather clumsily a log which he was trying to drag into its place, whereupon an older beast beside him gave him a reproving tap with its trunk, and, stepping forward to the log, showed him how to place it.

"How clever they must be!" cried Fenton, admiringly.

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure about *that*," replied the captain. "Some of these *mahouts* (elephant-drivers), who know 'em as well as anybody, tell me that they're nothing like so smart as they're said to be, and that although they'll do a thing well enough when you've shown 'em how, they need a good deal of showing first."*

But Harry was not to be convinced, and looked on with delight as the four-footed workmen dragged or rolled the timber into a heap, and then mounted upon it in order to place the smaller logs, which were passed up to them by their comrades below.

"May I give that biggest elephant a cake?" asked the boy, who had bought a bag of sugar-cakes on his way through the town.

"Give it to him, by all means," said Captain Weatherly, smiling; "I've no doubt he'll be very much obliged to you."

In fact, the beast—fond of sweet things like all elephants—swallowed the offered dainty with manifest relish. Fenton was just pulling out another, when the long trunk stretched itself nimbly toward the bag in his left hand, and the next moment poor Harry saw his entire stock of cakes vanish like a pill down the elephant's gaping throat, bag and all.

The next day he saw another of the dock-yard elephants working so zealously that when a larger log than usual proved too heavy for him to drag, he actually pushed it along with his forehead. The admiring Harry rewarded him with a banana and a piece of sugar, and apparently the good things impressed themselves upon the animal's memory as well as its palate, for from that day forth every time that Fenton came through the yard the huge beast stepped forward and extended its trunk for the food which it expected.

"Nice old beast, that elephant," said Harry to his friend, the captain; "I've always heard they're very grateful when anybody's kind to them."

"So they are," answered the old sailor, with a knowing nod, "as long as there are any cakes to be got; but just you go past that beast some day *without* giving him anything, and see how grateful he'll be!"

The very next day, sure enough, Fenton's head was so full of a picnic to which he had been invited that he forgot all about the elephant till it came up to him as usual. Harry felt in all his pockets, but found nothing.

Instantly the "grateful" elephant uttered a hoarse scream of rage, and down came the mighty trunk so quickly and fiercely that Fenton had barely time to spring aside from a blow that would have killed him on the spot. As it was, the log upon which the stroke fell snapped like sealing-wax.

"Well, my boy," said the captain, "I fancy you won't say quite so much about 'grateful elephants' after this."

And Harry didn't.

* The same opinion was expressed (to my very great disappointment) by a veteran elephant-catcher of My-

sore, who probably knew more of the animals and their ways than any other man in India.—D. K.

DESPERATE.

BY IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

(Translated Directly from the Russian by Charlotte Adams.)

I.

THERE were eight men of us in the room, and we were discoursing of contemporary events and people.

"I do not understand these gentlemen," remarked A. "They are, as it were, desperate—truly desperate. There was never yet anything like it!"

"No—there was," interposed P., an already old, gray-haired man; "desperate people have been plentiful before; only they did not resemble the desperate people of to-day. Some one said of the poet Yasicoff that in him was ecstasy, not directed toward anything—objectless ecstasy. So it was with those people—their despair was objectless. Let me relate to you the history of my cousin's son, Misha Polteff. It may serve as an example of the desperation of those days. He appeared in God's world in the year 1828, on the ancestral estate of his father, in one of the most obscure corners of an obscure province of the steppes. Misha's father, Andrei Nikolaevitch Polteff, I still remember well. He was a true landowner of the old school, a pious, serious man, sufficiently well educated for that time. To tell the truth, he was a little crazy and suffering from epilepsy. But these are old-school and aristocratic maladies. With Andrei Nikolaevitch, the paroxysms were mild, and they generally resolved themselves into sleep and melancholy. He was good-hearted, affable, and not without a certain haughtiness. The whole life of Andrei Nikolaevitch was passed in the prompt performance of all the ceremonies established from remote times, in strict conformity with all the customs of the ancient, orthodox, holy Russian existence. He rose and went to bed, ate and drank and bathed, was merry or angry (though the second, in truth, rarely happened), even smoked his pipe and played cards (two great innovations!), not as it occurred to him to do after his own fashion, but after the law and ordinance of his fathers—exactly and formally. He was of high

stature, well-formed and fleshy; he had a soft and somewhat hoarse voice, as is often the case with worthy Russians; he observed neatness in his linen and dress, wore white cravats and tobacco-colored, long-skirted surtouts—but his noble blood always showed itself; no one would have taken him for a priest's son or a shopkeeper. Always, upon all possible occasions and meetings, Andrei Nikolaevitch invariably knew how to act, what to say, and precisely what expressions to use; he knew when he ought to doctor himself, and exactly with what—in which omens he ought to believe, and which might be left unnoticed; in a word, he knew everything that it was proper to do. For to old men everything is foreseen and ordained. One does not merely imagine it for one's self. And the essential thing is, 'Without God, not over the threshold.'* It must be confessed a mortal dullness reigned in his house, in those low, warm and dark rooms, so often resounding with vesper hymns and Te Deums, and pervaded with the almost irremovable odor of incense and lenten food.

"Andrei Nikolaevitch, when no longer in his first youth, married a poor gentlewoman, a neighbor of his, a very nervous and sickly person, educated at a boarding-school. She played on the piano not badly, she spoke French after the boarding-school manner. She willingly abandoned herself to ecstasy, and still more willingly did she give herself up to melancholy and even to tears. In a word, her character was the reverse of tranquil. Accounting her life unhappy, she could not love her husband, who 'assuredly' did not understand her; but she respected and tolerated him, and being a perfectly honorable and passionless creature, she never once even thought of another 'object.' Besides, she was constantly absorbed by cares, firstly, for her own really feeble health; secondly, for the health of her husband, whose paroxysms always inspired her with a superstitious terror, and lastly, for

* A Russian proverb.

her only son, Misha, whom she educated herself with great zeal. Andrei Nikolaevitch did not interfere with his wife's training of Misha, upon the condition that under no pretext whatever should a departure be made from the order, once for all determined, in which all should proceed in his house.

II.

"I REMEMBER this Misha at thirteen years of age. He was a very pretty boy, with rosy cheeks and soft lips (indeed, he was quite soft and plump all over), with somewhat prominent, humid eyes; he was carefully combed and brushed, caressing and modest—a perfect little girl. Only one thing in him did not please me; he laughed rarely, but when he did laugh, his teeth, large, white, and pointed, like those of a wild beast, were unpleasantly displayed, and in the laugh itself sounded something sharp and even fierce, almost like a wild beast, and through his eyes ran evil sparks. His mother praised him because he was so obedient and polite, and did not love to associate with wanton boys, but attached himself more and more to the society of women. 'A milksop!' his father, Andrei Nikolaevitch, said of him. 'A mamma's baby, but he goes willingly to the Lord's temple, and this rejoices me.' One old man, a neighbor, a former police commissioner, said once before me of Misha, 'By your leave, he will be a rebel,' and this speech, I remember, then very much astonished me. The former police commissioner truly saw the rebel everywhere.

"Precisely such an exemplary youth did Misha remain until the eighteenth year of his age, up to the very death of his parents, whom he lost almost on one and the same day. Living constantly at Moscow, I heard nothing of my young relative. It is true, a person who came from his province assured me that Misha had sold his paternal estate for a song, but this news appeared to me incredible.

"Suddenly, one autumn morning, a barouche entered the courtyard of my house, drawn by an excellent pair of trotters, with a monstrous coachman on the box; and in the barouche, wrapped in a cloak of military

cut, with two arsheen* of otter fur collar, with his traveling-cap worn on one side in a devil-may-care fashion, sat Misha! Seeing me (I stood at the window of the drawing-room, and gazed with astonishment at the entering equipage), he began to laugh his sharp laugh, and lightly throwing aside the ends of the cloak, jumped from the barouche and ran into the house.

"'Misha! Mikhaïl Andreïevitch!' I began. 'Is this you?'

"'Call me "thou" and "Misha,"' he interrupted me. 'Yes, this is I—in my own person. I have appeared in Moscow, to look at the people, and to show myself! and so I drove to you. What trotters, eh!' he again began to laugh.

"Although seven years had passed since I had last seen Misha, I recognized him immediately. His face had remained quite youthful, and was, as before, charming; even the mustache had not yet pierced through, only there was a puffiness in his cheeks, under his eyes, and from his mouth came the odor of wine.

"'And have you been long in Moscow?' I asked. 'I supposed that you were managing your estate.'

"'Ah! the estate I immediately put one side. As soon as my parents (may the kingdom of heaven be theirs!) died (Misha crossed himself, simply, without the slightest mockery), I immediately, without the least delay—one—two—three—ha! ha! It slipped off cheaply—trickery! The rascal so insinuated himself! O well, it is all the same. At least, I live to my satisfaction, and I amuse others. But why do you stare at me so? Was it possible for me to drag the thing along any further? Little dove of a cousin, can not one have a glass?'

"Misha spoke with extreme rapidity, and at the same time as if half asleep.

"'Misha! For Heaven's sake! Fear God! Whom do you resemble—with such a look? And asking for a glass! And to sell so fine an estate for nothing!'

"'I always fear and remember God,' he replied. 'And really he is good—God—to pardon. And I also am good. I never yet in my life harmed any one. And a little glass is also good. It harms no one. Little uncle, do you wish me to spin round the table with a cord, whip out the ace with my last? Or shall I dance a little?'

* Russian ell

"Pray spare me! What, dance here! You would better sit down."

"I will sit down. But why do you say nothing to me about my grays? Look, they are really lions. Until now I have hired them, but I shall undoubtedly buy them, together with the coachman. And I really had the money; yes, I let it slip yesterday at the gambling-table. It is nothing! We shall revenge ourselves to-morrow. Uncle, how about the little glass!"

"By your leave, I could no longer contain myself. Misha, how old are you? Not with horses, not with card-playing, should you busy yourself, but should enter either the university or the army."

"Misha at first again began to laugh, then whistled protractedly. 'Well, uncle, I see you are now in a melancholy frame of mind. I will drop in another time. Here is something for you. Drive out in the evening to the "Falconer." There is a tent erected for me. The gipsies sing. Will you? Only observe, and on the tent is a pennon, and on the pennon in magical gold letters is written "Chorus of Polteff Gipsies!" The pennon curves itself like a snake—the letters are golden—it is enticing to every one to read. Refreshments for whoever wishes it; I refuse nothing. The dust has gone all over Moscow. My respects! Will you come? And—there is with me there such an—aspic! Black as a boot—wicked as a dog—and eyes—coals! It is impossible to tell whether she will kiss or bite. Will you come, uncle? Well, until we meet!"

"And suddenly embracing me and slapping me on the shoulder, Misha hurried into the court and into the barouche, waved his traveling-cap above his head, gave a yell, and the monstrous coachman squinted at him across his beard, the trotters tore off, and all disappeared."

"On the following day I, sinful man, drove out to the 'Falconer,' and actually saw the tent with the pennon and inscription."

"The skirts of the tent were raised; noise, tumult, yells proceeded thence. The people crowded around; on the ground, on a spread carpet sat gipsy men and women, who sang and beat kettledrums; and in the midst of them, with guitar in his hands, in a red silk shirt and wide velvet trousers, whirled Misha, turning a pirouette. 'Gentlemen! Your reverences! We ask your mercy!

The performance will begin immediately. Gratis,' cried he, in a cracked voice. 'Hollo! Champagne! Clap! On the forehead! On the floor!'

"Luckily he did not see me, and I hastened to withdraw."

"I will not, gentlemen, enlarge my astonishment at the sight of such an alteration. And indeed, how could this gentle and modest boy have changed suddenly into a drunken wag? Is it possible that all this lurked in him in childhood, and showed itself as soon as the pressure of parental authority was removed from him? And that 'dust went from him over Moscow,' as he expressed himself, there was certainly no longer any kind of doubt. I led a wild life at his age, but here appeared something frenzied, a certain madness of self-destruction, a desperation."

III.

"THIS amusement lasted two months. I stood again at the window of the drawing-room and looked out on the court. A novice-monk entered the gate with a slow step. A conical cap was drawn down on his forehead, his hair fell scattered right and left under it—he wore a long cassock with a leathern girdle. Could it be Misha? It was he."

"I went to the stairway to meet him. 'What is this masquerade?' I asked."

"'It is not a masquerade, uncle,' Misha answered me, with a deep sigh; 'but as I have spent my fortune to the last copeck, and as powerful repentance has taken possession of me, I have decided to set off for the Sergius monastery of the Holy Trinity to pray for my sins. For what asylum now remains to me? And I have come to take leave of you, uncle, as a prodigal son.'

"I looked steadfastly at Misha. His face was as rosy and fresh as ever (for that matter, it did not change to the last), his eyes were humid and kind, somewhat languid, his small hands were white—but, he smelt of wine."

"'Well?' I said at length; 'the affair is good if there be no other way out! But why do you smell of wine?'

"'Old heaven,' answered Misha, and suddenly began to laugh, but immediately recollecting himself, he bent low and straight in a monastic salute and added, 'If you please,

something—a little luck-greeting for the journey. I am really going on foot to the monastery.'

"When?"

"To-day—directly."

"Why, then, are you in such a hurry?"

"Uncle! My motto has always been—'Faster! Faster!'"

"And what is your motto now?"

"It is the same also now—only faster to the—good!"

"So Misha went away, leaving me to meditate over the vicissitudes of human destinies. But he soon reminded me of his existence. Two months after his visit, I received from him a letter, the first of those letters with which he subsequently favored me. And mark the singularity! I have rarely seen a neater and more legible handwriting than this scatterbrained fellow possessed. And the style of his letter was very correct, slightly oratorical. Invariable demands for assistance alternated with promises of reform, with honorable speeches and vows. All this seemed, and possibly was, sincere. Misha's scrawl under the letter, was continually accompanied by peculiar flourishes, dashes, periods, and a great many exclamation-marks. In this first letter, Misha informed me of the new 'turn of his fortunes.' Subsequently he called these turns 'plunges,' and he 'plunged' often. He was going out to the Caucasus to serve 'with his breast,' his tsar and country in the capacity of a cavalry subaltern. And although a certain benevolent aunt came to the relief of his distressed condition and sent him a small sum, he asked my assistance in equipping himself. I acceded to his demand, and heard nothing of him again for the space of two years. I confess, I strongly doubted whether he had gone to the Caucasus. But it appeared that he had gone thither, that through patronage he had entered the T—regiment as an under-officer, and served in it these two years. The wildest stories were afloat concerning him. They were related to me by an officer of his regiment.

IV.

"I LEARNED much of a kind that I had not expected from him. It did not astonish me, assuredly, that as a military man, as an ardent soldier, he should show himself inferior, even, frankly, worthless; but what I did

not expect was this: that personal bravery was not remarked in him, that in battle he wore a melancholy and drooping look, now bored, now alarmed. All discipline oppressed him, inspired him with sadness; he was bold to madness when the matter concerned only himself personally; there was no wager so foolish that he would refuse to accept it; but to injure another—to kill—to fight—this he could not do; it might have been because his heart was good, and it might have been because his 'cotton-wool education,' as he expressed it, had made him effeminate. He was always and forever ready to destroy himself, but others—no. 'The devil will take him away,' his companions remarked of him. 'He is withered up! A clout! And a desperate one! Truly, a confirmation-child!'

"Subsequently I asked Misha how this evil report got about—what obliged him to drink deep, to risk his life, and so forth? He had always the same answer—'grief.'

"How, if you please, grief?"

"One comes thus to one's self—one regains one's senses—one falls to meditating over poverty—over injustice—over Russia! Well—it is done! Immediately—grief—as if there were a bullet in one's forehead. One begins to debauch, in spite of one's self."

"What made you drag yourself back hither to Russia?"

"Only this! I am afraid to think of it."

"All this grief of yours comes from inactivity."

"But I do not know how to do anything, uncle—cousin. To wager even my life at cards, to play parole, to give a crack on the collar—this I know how to do. You, here, tell me how I can risk my life for something."

"But why not live a simple life? Why risk it?"

"I can not—you say I act without reflection. One begins to reflect—and at once riot ferments in one's head. Only these Germans reflect."

"How could one manage to talk with him? Desperate—completely!"

"Among the number of Caucasian stories which I mentioned I shall relate to you two or three. Once, in a company of officers, Misha began to boast of a bartered saber—a genuine Persian blade. The officers expressed a doubt as to its genuineness.

Misha began to argue. 'Well,' exclaimed he, at length, 'they say in the matter of blades the first connoisseur is Abdulka the Crooked. I will go to him and inquire.'

'The officers were astonished. 'Who is this Abdulka? The one who lives in the hills—not the tributary, Abdul Khan?'

'He himself!'

'He will arrest you as a spy and put you in prison, provided he does not cut off your head with this very sword. And how shall you reach him? They will kill you immediately.'

'All the same I will go to him.'

'A wager that you do not go. A wager!'

'And Misha immediately saddled his horse and rode off to Abdulka. Three days passed. All were convinced that he had come to the end predicted. Behold, he returned—somewhat intoxicated, and with a saber—only not that which he had taken away. They began to question him. 'It is nothing,' he said. 'Abdulka is a good man. At first, truly, he ordered my feet to be fettered and prepared to impale me. I explained to him why I had come, and showed him the saber. "Do not detain me," and "do not expect a ransom for me. I have not a copeck to my name, and I have no relations." Abdulka was astonished; he gazed at me with his solitary eye. "Now," he says, "you rogue, you! Ought I to believe you?" "Believe me," I said: "I never lie" (and really Misha never lied). Again Abdulka gazed at me. "Do you know how to drink wine?" "I know how," I said. "I will drink as much as you will give me." Again Abdulka was astonished, called upon Allah. And hereupon he bade his little daughter (very pretty, only with a look like a jackal) to drag in the wineskin. And I fell to work. "But your saber," said he, "is counterfeit—here, take a genuine one. Now we are friends." And you have lost your wager, gentlemen. Pay!'

'The second legend of Misha is of like nature. He loved cards passionately, but as money was not abundant with him, and he did not pay card-debts (although a cheater he never was), no one would play with him. He once began to urge one of his fellow-officers—he really must play with him. "And if you lose, you will not pay." "I will not pay with money, but I will shoot myself through the left hand with this very pistol.'

"And what advantage will there be to me in this?'

"No advantage, but all the same it will be interesting.'

'This conversation took place after a drinking-bout, before witnesses. Misha's proposition did appear interesting to the officer. The cards were brought, the game began. Misha was in luck—he won a hundred roubles.

'Hereupon his adversary struck himself on the forehead. 'What a booby I am!' he exclaimed. 'What a snare I have fallen into! If you had lost, you would have shot yourself through the hand—but now you hold your pistol-pocket fast.'

'You have lied,' replied Misha. 'I have won, and I will shoot myself through the hand.' He seized the pistol. Pop! The ball passed through, and a week later the wound was completely healed.

'Still another time Misha was riding along a road at night with his companions. And they saw by the side of the road yawn a narrow ravine, yawning—dark, very dark—the bottom not visible.

'Here,' said one of his comrades, 'desperate as Misha is, he will not jump into this ravine.'

'No, I will jump.'

'No, you will not jump, because it is ten sajens* deep, and it is certain to break one's neck.'

'But all the same I shall jump. Do you want a bet?'

'Ten roubles.'

'Good!'

'And his comrade had not finished uttering this word when Misha was off his horse, at the ravine, and had begun to rattle down among the stones. All were benumbed. A full minute passed and they heard, borne up as it were from the bowels of the earth, the sound of Misha's voice.

'I have fallen on sand. But I flew a long time! Ten roubles from you.'

'Climb out!' his companions began to cry.

'Yes—climb out,' retorted Misha. 'I should say so! You must go for ropes and lanterns, and meanwhile, so that I do not get tired waiting, throw me down the flask.'

* Seventy English feet.

"Misha sat five hours in the bottom of the ravine, and when they dragged him out his shoulder was dislocated—but this did not disturb him in the least. On the following day, the bonesetter from the blacksmith's set his shoulder, and he handled him as if nothing were the matter.

V.

"FROM the Caucasus he again appeared in Moscow, in Circassian costume, with cartridge-boxes on his breast, a dagger in his girdle, a high fur cap on his head. He did not part with this costume until the end, although he was no longer in the military service, being expelled on account of his non-appearance at drill. He made a short call on me, borrowed a little money, and began another course of 'plunges' by begging. Beautifully written letters were scattered abroad, addressed to all possible persons, beginning with the metropolite and ending with the riding-masters and professional nurses. Visits were made to acquaintances and strangers. But in making his visits he was neither servile nor importunate. On the contrary, he bore himself decorously and even with a cheerful mien, although a chronic odor of wine accompanied him everywhere, and his Oriental costume by degrees became transformed into tatters. 'If you give, God will reward you, although I do not deserve it. If you do not give, you will be quite right and I will not be at all angry. I feed myself, thanks to God! For there are people poorer than I and much more worthy of assistance—much, very much.'

"During his impecunious travels he reached his paternal nest, sold by him for a trifle to a well-known speculator and usurer. The speculator was at home, and hearing of the arrival of the former possessor, transformed into a vagrant, he gave orders that he should not be admitted into the house, and in case of need should even be thrust out by the neck. Misha declared that he would not go into the house contaminated by the presence of the rogue, and he set off for the graveyard to pray over the dust of his parents. In the graveyard he was joined by an old man, a house-servant, who had once been his nurse. The speculator had deprived the old man of his monthly allowance and driven him away from the major-house. The latter had found a refuge in the corner of a peasant's hut.

Misha had not left behind him an especially good memory; but when the old servant learned of the arrival of his young lord, he immediately ran to the graveyard, found Misha sitting on the ground between the tombstones, asked of him for old memories' sake his little hand, and shed tears upon the tatters with which were clothed the once daintily attired limbs of his nursling. Misha gazed long and silently at the old man.

"'Timothei,' said he, at length.

"Timothei shuddered. 'What is your pleasure?'

"'Have you a shovel?'

"'It is possible to procure one. But what do you want a shovel for, Mr. Mikhail Andreitch?'

"'I wish to dig a little grave for myself here, Timothei—yes, and to lie here forever and ever between my parents. Truly, only one little place is left to me in the world. Bring the shovel.'

"'I obey,' said Timothei. He went and brought it. And Misha immediately began to dig the earth and Timothei stood near, supporting his chin on his hand, and repeating, 'Only you and I are left, lord.' And Misha dug and dug, from time to time inquiring, 'It is really not worth while to live, is it, Timothei?' 'It is not worth while, little father.' The grave had already become tolerably deep. The people saw Misha's work, and ran to report upon it to the new possessor. The speculator was at first angry and wished to send for the police—this, then, is sacrilege! But afterward, probably considering that to have an affair with this madman would be inexpedient and might result in scandal, he went to the graveyard and, approaching Misha, who was working for dear life, politely saluted him. The latter continued to dig, as if not remarking his successor.

"'Mikhail Andreitch,' began the speculator, 'permit me to learn what you are doing here.'

"'Don't you see—I am digging a grave for myself.'

"'Why is this?'

"'Because I do not wish to live any longer.'

"The speculator raised his hands. 'You do not wish to live?'

"Misha looked menacingly at the specu-

lator. 'Does this astonish you? Are you not the cause of all—are you not? Did you not, Judas, rob me, taking advantage of my youth? Did you not tear the skin from the peasants? Did you not deprive this decrepit man here of his bread? Did you not? O Lord! Everywhere only injustice, and oppression, and wickedness. Perish—it means—all. I do not wish to live—I do not—to live any longer in Russia!' And the shovel began to move still more rapidly in Misha's hands.

"The devil knows what this all is," thought the speculator; 'really, in truth, he will bury himself. Mikhail Andreïtch,' he began again, 'listen; I am indeed guilty before you. They did not so speak of you to me.' Misha dug. 'But why this desperation?' Misha went on digging, and threw the earth on the feet of the speculator. 'Will it not please you to come to my house to eat a bite and rest a little?'

"Misha slightly raised his head. 'And will there be some drinking?'

"If you like. Why should there not?'

"And you invite Timotheï?'

"Why not? Him, too.'

"Misha began to reflect. 'Only, look you, you thrust me out into the world. Do not think to escape with one little bottle.'

"Do not be uneasy. There shall be as much as you like of everything.'

"Misha rose and threw down the shovel. 'Well, Timotheï,' he turned to the old man-nurse, 'let us respect the master. Let us go.'

"I obey," answered the old man. And all three repaired to the house.

"The speculator knew with whom he had to deal. Misha, it is true, at first made him promise that he would bestow upon the peasants immunity from all imposts; but an hour later that same Misha, together with Timotheï, both drunk, danced a gallopade in those very rooms in which still lodged the God-fearing phantom of Andreï Nikolaevitch, and an hour later, the heavily-sleeping Misha, lying in the telega together with his high fur cap and his dagger, set off for the city, twenty-five versts distant, and was lodged there under a shed. As for Timotheï, who still stood on his feet and only hiccupped, he was put out. One does not get rid of a gentleman in the same way as of a servant.

VI.

"AGAIN some time passed and I heard nothing of Misha. God knows whither he had disappeared. Here, once, sitting by the samovar in the station of the T—highway waiting for horses, I suddenly heard, under the open window of the waiting-room, a hoarse voice, saying in French, 'Sir! sir! take pity on a poor ruined gentleman.' I raised my head and looked. A mangy fur cap, broken cartridge-boxes on the torn Circassian coat, a dagger in a cracked sheath, a swollen but yet rosy face, disheveled but still thick hair—my God! Misha! He had begun to ask alms on the highway. I involuntarily cried out. He recognized me, shuddered, turned away. I detained him, but what was to be said to him—read him a moral lecture? In silence I held out to him a five-rouble bank-note; he as silently took it, with his still white and plump, though trembling and dirty little hand, and disappeared round the corner of the house. They were slow in bringing up the horses, and it troubled me that I had so coldly allowed him to go away. I drove on farther, and at half a verst from the station I found before me on the road a crowd of people advancing with an odd, as it were, measured step. I overtook this crowd, and what did I see? Twelve beggar-men, with their bags across their shoulders, were walking, two and two, singing and leaping, and in front of them danced Misha, stamping his feet in time, and repeating 'Ready and lively! step—step—step!' As soon as my barouche stopped near him and he saw me, he immediately began to cry 'Halt! Right about! Front! Guard the highway!' The beggars caught up his cry and stopped, and he with his customary laugh leaped onto the carriage step, and again cried 'Hurrah!'

"What is all this?' I asked, in involuntary amazement.

"This? This is my corps, my army, all little beggars—God's people—comrades, friends. Every one of them, through your kindness, has drunk a little glass; and hereupon we all rejoice and make merry. Uncle, really only with beggars—with God's people—is it possible to live in the world.'

"I answered him nothing, but he seemed to me at this time such a good fellow, his

face expressed such childish ingenuousness, that something, as it were, suddenly flashed upon me, something pricked me in the heart.

"'Sit down by me in the carriage,' I said to him. He was astonished.

"'What! In the carriage?'

"'Sit down! Sit down!' I repeated, 'I wish to make a proposition to you. Sit down! Let us go to my house!'

"'Well, as you command.' He sat down.

"'Now, you dear friends, worthy comrades,' he said, turning to the beggars. 'Good-by, until we meet!' Misha took off his fur cap and bowed low. The beggars were all literally disconcerted. I ordered the coachman to whip up the horses, and the carriage rolled on. The thought had suddenly come to me to take him home to my country-house, at a distance of thirty versts from that station—to save him, or at least to attempt to.

"'Listen, Misha,' I said, 'do you wish to settle down with me? You shall live comfortably, you will be provided with clothes and linen, you shall be suitably equipped, and money will be given you for tobacco, and the like, on one condition—not to drink wine. Are you agreed?'

"Misha was even frightened with joy; he opened his eyes wide, grew purple, and suddenly falling on my shoulder, began to kiss me, and to repeat in a broken voice, 'Uncle—benefactor! God reward you.' He fell into a fit of weeping, and taking off his fur cap, occupied himself with wiping his eyes, nose and lips.

"'Remember the promise—not to drink wine.'

"'And may it be cursed,' he exclaimed, flourishing both arms, still more strongly enveloping me in that spirituous odor with which he was saturated.

"'Really, uncle, if you knew my life—really, if not grief—harsh fate! For that reason, I swear, I swear, I will reform—I will prove. Uncle, I never lied—ask any one. I am an honorable but an unhappy man, uncle. I have received no kindness from any one.' Here he finally broke off. I endeavored to calm him, and succeeded in so far that when we drew up before my house Misha was already sleeping heavily, resting his head on my lap.

VII.

"He was immediately given a room to himself, and was put into a bath. All his apparel, his dagger and fur cap and boots full of holes, were carefully laid away in a pantry; clean linen was put on him, slippers, and some of my clothing, which exactly suited his build and height. When he came to table, washed, neat, fresh, he seemed so contrite and happy, he beamed all over with such joyous gratitude, that I was delighted. His face was quite transformed. Boys of twelve years wear such a face on Easter Sunday, when, after communion, heavily oiled, in new jackets and starched collars, they go to keep the festival with their parents. Misha continually felt of himself, cautiously and distrustfully, and repeated all the time, 'What is this? Am I not in heaven?' And on the following day he declared that he could not sleep all night from ecstasy. In my house lived then an old aunt with her niece; they were both extremely disturbed when they learned of the presence of Misha; they did not understand how I could invite him to my house. A very evil report of him was abroad. But I knew that he was always very polite with ladies, and I built hopes on his promise to reform. For the first two days under my roof Misha not only answered my expectations, but surpassed them, and he simply enchanted my ladies. With the old lady he played piquet, he assisted her to unwind her yarn, he showed her two new games of patience; the niece, who had something of a voice, he accompanied on the piano, read to her Russian and French verses; he related to both ladies merry but decorous anecdotes; in a word he rendered them divers services, so that they more than once expressed to me their astonishment, and the old lady even remarked that here could be seen how unjust people sometimes are. There was nothing they did not say—he was so gentle and well-bred—poor Misha! It is true at the table his mouth visibly watered every time he only so much as looked at a bottle. But I had only to threaten him a little with my finger, and he raised his eyes to heaven, and pressed his hand to his heart. 'I have sworn! I am now regenerated,' he assured me.

"'God grant it!' thought I. But this regeneration did not last long.

"Beginning with the third day, he grew

silent; although, as before, he remained near the ladies and entertained them. Now a melancholy, now a thoughtful expression began to flit across his face, and his face itself became pale and apparently thin. 'Are you indisposed?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my head aches a little.'

"On the fourth day he was entirely silent; he sat in the corner, bowing his head, like an orphan, and with his despondent look awakening a feeling of compassion in both ladies, who now, in their turn, endeavored to entertain him. At table he ate nothing, looked at his plate, and rolled bread-balls. On the fifth day, the feeling of pity in the ladies changed to distrust and even fear. Misha grew wild, held aloof from people, and crept along the wall as if thieving, looking suddenly around, exactly as if some one called him. And what had become of the rosy color of his face?

" 'Are you not well?' I asked him.

" 'No—I am well,' he answered, abruptly.

" 'Are you bored?' "

" 'Bored—with what?' But he turned away and did not look me in the eye. On the following day, my aunt came to me in my study in great agitation, and declared that she would leave my house with her niece, if Misha was to remain in it. 'He is not a man—he is a wolf. He walks—walks—so silent, and so wild. He almost gnashes his teeth. Katia and I are so nervous. At first we were very much interested in him, but now we are afraid of his craziness.' I did not know what answer to make. I could not drive Misha away, for I had invited him to my house. He soon relieved me from the embarrassing position.

"On that same day I suddenly heard a hollow and angry voice, 'Nikolaï Nikolaïtch! Nikolaï Nikolaïtch!' I looked around. Misha stood at the door with a frightful, darkening, distorted countenance.

" 'Nikolaï Nikolaïtch,' he repeated (no longer 'Uncle').

" 'What is the matter with you?'

" 'Let me go, directly. Let me go or I shall do some mischief! I shall set fire to the house or murder some one.' Misha suddenly began to shudder. 'Order my clothing to be returned to me, let them take me in a telega as far as the high-road, and give me a trifle of money.'

" 'Are you then dissatisfied?' I began.

He began to cry at the top of his voice, 'I can not live in your accursed gentleman's house. It oppresses me to live so tranquilly. I wonder how you bear it!' 'That is,' I interrupted him, 'you mean you can not live without wine.' 'Well, yes; well, yes,' he began to cry again; 'only let me go to my brothers, to my friends, to the beggars—away from your decorous and contrary nobleman's breed.' I wished to remind him of his sworn promises, but the excited expression of Misha's face, his broken voice, the convulsive trembling of all his limbs, all this was so dreadful that I hastened to escape from him. I declared to him that his clothes would be given to him immediately, that a telega should be harnessed for him, and taking from my drawer a twenty-rouble bank-note, I laid it on table. Misha had already begun to approach me with threats, but here he suddenly controlled himself, his face became contracted, he struck himself on the breast, the tears started from his eyes, and murmuring, 'Uncle! Angel! Really I am a lost man,' he seized the bank-note and ran out.

"An hour later he was already seated in the telega, again dressed in his Circassian coat, again rosy and joyous, and when the horses moved from the place, he chirruped, pulled off his fur cap and waving it above his head, made bow after bow. Just before his departure, he long and closely embraced me and stammered, 'Benefactor! Benefactor! It is impossible to save me.' He even ran to the ladies and kissed their hands over and over again, placed himself on his knees, called upon God and asked forgiveness. Katia I afterward found in tears.

"But the coachman with whom Misha had taken his departure, on his return, reported to me that he had driven him to the first dramshop on the highway, and that there they stopped and began to treat everybody without distinction, and soon was unconsciousness. From this time on I no longer met Misha, but I learned his final fate in the following manner.

VIII.

"THREE years later I again found myself on my estate. Suddenly the domestic entered my apartment, and announced that Mrs. Polteva was asking for me. I knew no

Mrs. Polteva, and the servant making the announcement smiled with inquiring sarcasm. To my interrogative glance, he answered that a lady was asking for me—young, poorly-dressed—and that she had come in a peasant's telega with one horse, and had driven herself. I ordered him to ask Mrs. Polteva to come to me in my study.

"I saw a woman of twenty-five years of age, in the dress of the middle class, with a large handkerchief on her head. Her face was open, round, and not without attractiveness. Her expression was gloomy and somewhat mournful, her movements shy.

"You are Mrs. Polteva?" I asked.

"Exactly so," she answered in a soft voice, refusing to sit down. "I am the widow of your nephew, Mikhail Andreëvitch Polteff."

"Mikhail Andreëvitch is dead? How long? But sit down, I beg of you."

"She let herself down on a chair.

"The second month has passed."

"And had you been long married?"

"I had lived with him a whole year."

"Where have you come from now?"

"I am from below Toulá. There is a village there—Zuamenskoe Gloushkovo—it may be you would like to know I am the daughter of a sacristan there. We lived there with Mikhail Andreëvitch. He settled down with my father. A whole year we lived together there."

"The young woman's lips began to quiver, and she raised her hand to them. It seemed as though she were about to cry, but she recovered herself, coughing.

"The late Mikhail Andreëvitch," she continued, "before his death, instructed me to come to you. 'Without fail,' he said, 'go.' And he said to me that I should thank you for all your kindness, and that I should give you—here—this—very—little thing"—she took from her pocket a small packet—"which he always carried about him, and Mikhail Andreëvitch said—if it will please you to accept this in memory of him—if you do not disdain it—"nothing else have I to give," said he—that is—you—I can not, I can not—"

"In the little packet was a small silver cup bearing the cipher of Misha's mother.

This cup I had often seen in Misha's hands, and once he said to me, speaking of a certain poor fellow, that he was indeed destitute, since he had neither a little cup nor a little lamp, 'and I have this!'

"I thanked her, took the little cup, and asked her of what disease Misha died. 'Probably——' Here, I bit my tongue, but the young woman understood my intimation. She quickly looked at me, then cast down her eyes and mournfully repeated, 'Ah, no; this he forsook from the time that we became acquainted with him. Only what health was his! Quite ruined! As soon as he stopped drinking, directly his sickness came to light. So he became steady, wished to help father in everything—at farming, or in the garden, or whatever came to hand—in vain—for he was of noble race. Only where to get strength? Also, he wished to occupy himself with writing; this, as you know, he could do beautifully, but his hands shook and he could not hold the pen properly. He always reproached himself: 'I—a fine gentleman—did no good to any one—I did not help—I did not work.' He was very much cast down about this, and he said that our people worked, but we—what—Nikolai Nikolaïtch, he was a good man, and he loved me—and I, ah—pardon—"

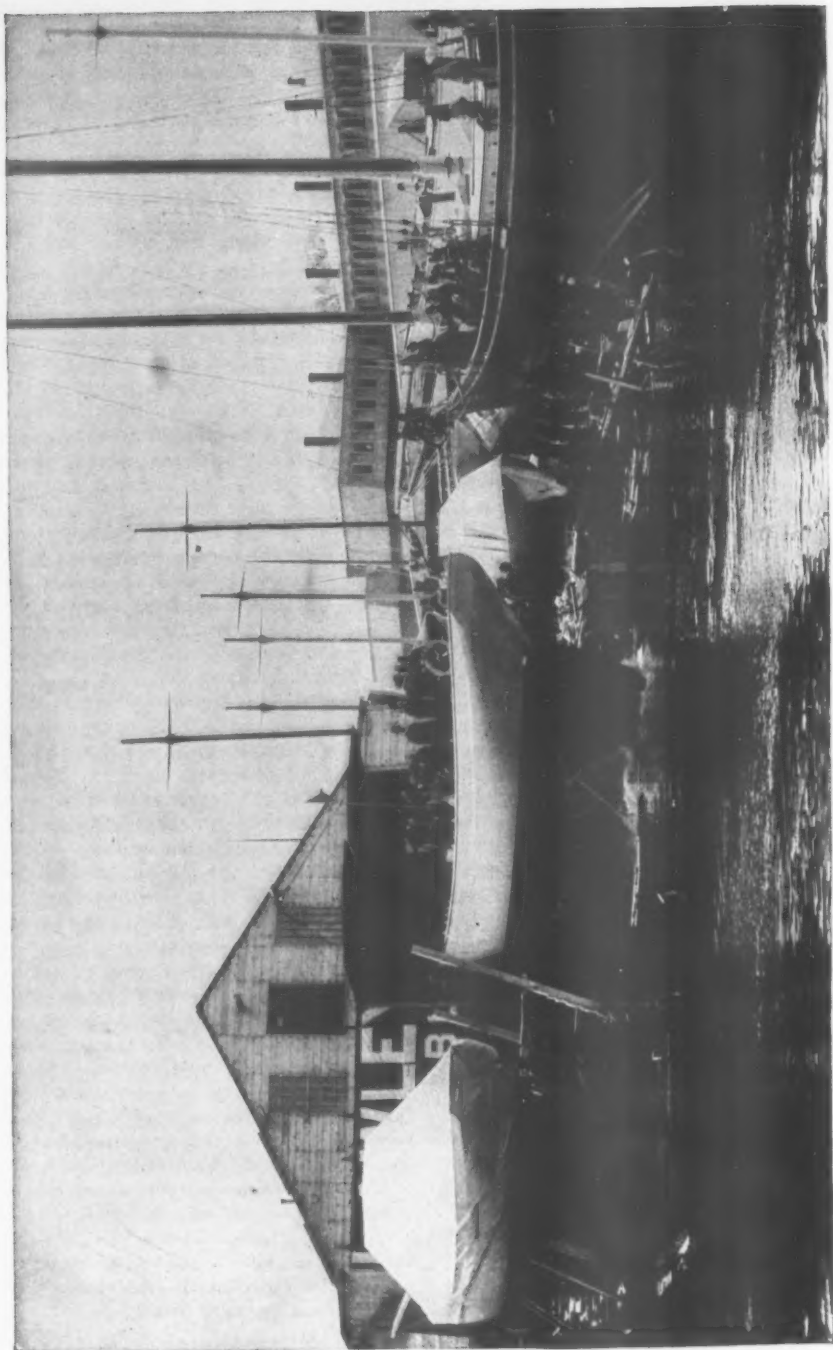
"Here the young woman fell to weeping outright. I would have liked to comfort her, but I did not know how.

"Is there a baby left you?" I asked.

"She sighed. 'No, there is none—and if there had been——' And the tears flowed still more freely.

"This is the end to which Misha was brought," concluded the old man. "You gentlemen, assuredly, are agreed with me that I was right in calling him desperate; but probably you are also agreed upon this, that he did not resemble the desperate people of to-day, although it may be supposed that a philosopher would discover analogous features between him and them. Here there was a thirst for self-destruction—grief—dissatisfaction, and what all this signifies I leave to the philosopher to judge."





LAUNCHING THE MARGUERITE.

Photographed by N. L. Stebbins.